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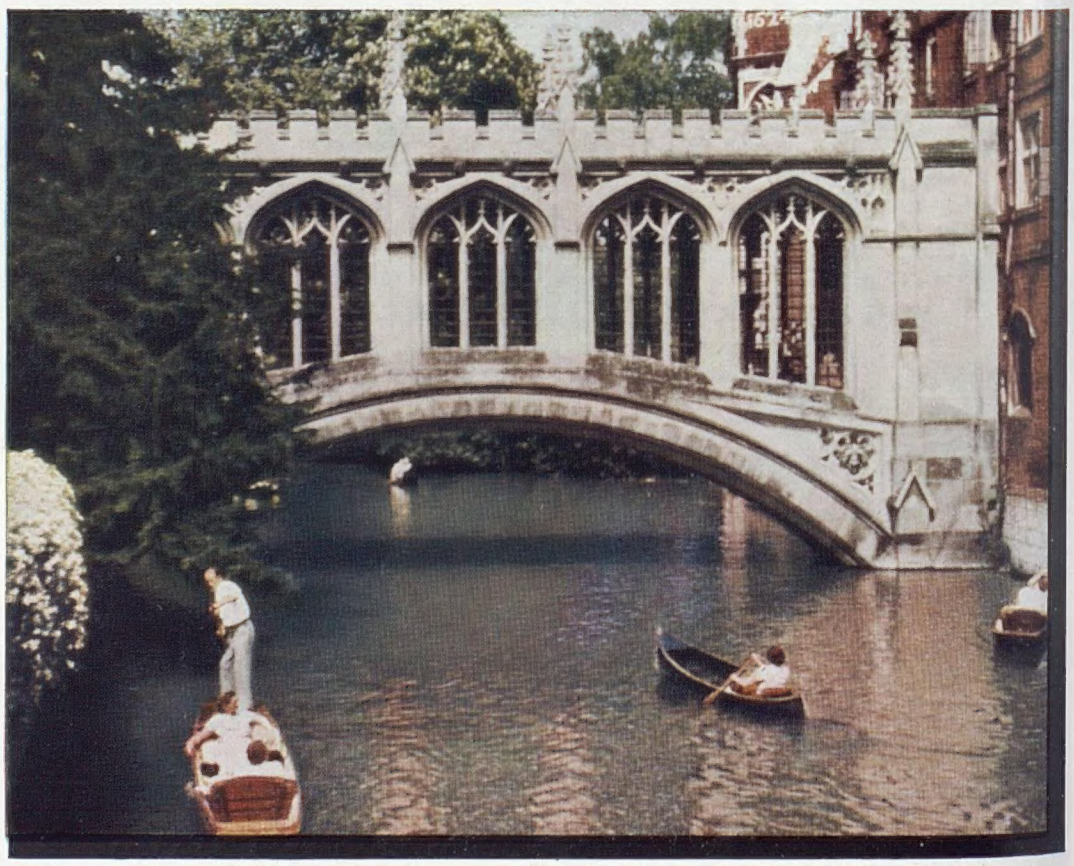

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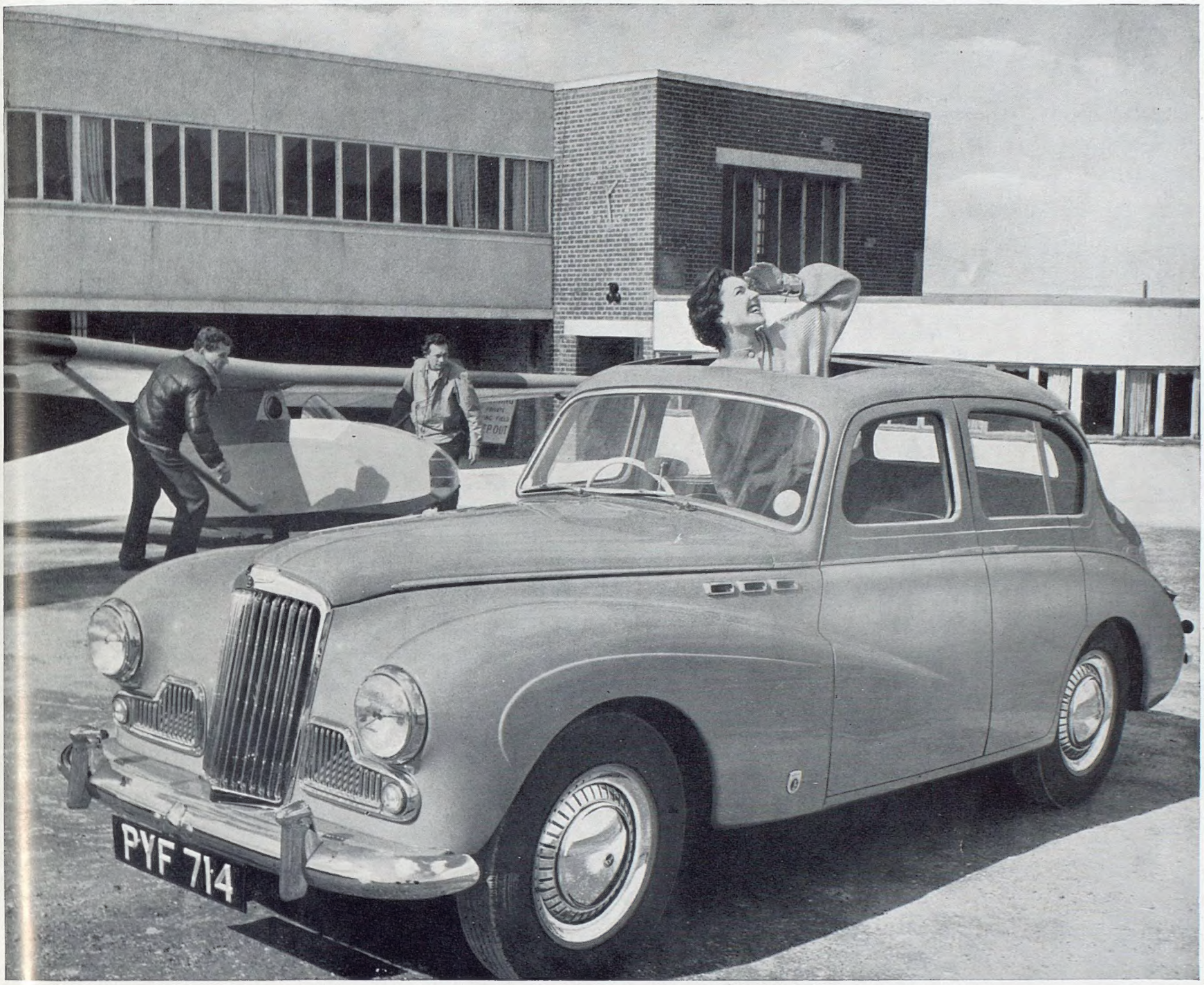

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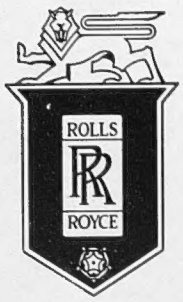

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Volume CCXXI No. 2885

The SPHERE, London, May 28, 1955

The SPHERE

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A NATIONAL COAL BOARD VENTURE—THE 180-FT. FLOATING DRILLING-TOWER WHICH IS TO BE USED TO INVESTIGATE THE RESERVES OF UNDERWATER COAL SEAMS IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH: Last week-end it was towed from St. David's Harbour, Inverkeithing, on the first stage of its journey to a point near Kirkcaldy, opposite the new Seafield Colliery, where it was to be grounded in readiness for boring operations next month. A volunteer crew will live as a small, self-contained community at the top of the tower. It is intended for use in depths of water up to 20 fathoms at low tide. In the background of this picture is the Forth Bridge.

The floating drilling-tower which has been floated to a position in the Firth of Forth will be used in the first British attempt to prove the existence of the wealth of coal under the sea. It has been built for the National Coal Board and boring operations are expected to begin next month. The first borehole will go down to about 1,800 to 2,000 ft., and if this operation is successful a second drilling will be made 1½ miles east of the first one. The drilling-tower is a self-contained unit designed on the same lines as a sea-fort. It is built of specially fabricated tubular steel upon a steel box girder base "X" shaped in plan. The steel deck on top of the tower measures 86 ft. from side to side, is 130 ft. above the underside of the box girder base, and carries the drilling rig, which is 54 ft. high. Beneath the main deck there is an accommodation deck comprising quarters for twenty-five men as well as stores. The tower, with all its equipment, weighs nearly 500 tons. Two pontoons are used for towing purposes. When lowered into position it will rest on the sea bed and be capable, it is claimed, of withstanding an 80-m.p.h. gale and waves measuring 30 ft. from crest to trough.

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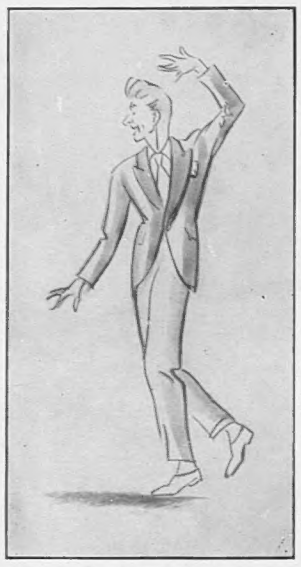
PAINTING IS A PLEASURE

EXHIBITS IN A LONDON AMATEUR ART SHOW : "Picnic by the River" is by Mr. Noël Coward. It is one of the exhibits by known and unknown painters in the Painting Is a Pleasure Exhibition, which opened last week at the Trafford Galleries in Mount Street, London. Proceeds from sales of the pictures go to Toc H. The list of exhibitors includes the Duchess of Gloucester, with two pictures, and a fifteen-year-old Eton schoolboy, Nicholas Hallam.



BALLET GIRL AND FILM STAR : *Above*—Lady Brownlow's picture "Ballet Girl." *Right*—Danny Kaye, by Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.

A PAINTING BY A KING : The artist of "Portrait of a Sheikh's Son," in the Painting Is a Pleasure Exhibition, is King Feisal of Irak. Altogether there are seventy-eight pictures in the show, which is open until July 2. Among the exhibitors are the American and Portuguese Ambassadors, the Bishop of Croydon and Field Marshal Auchinleck.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

My Last Election Reflection.—The reader, as often in weekly journalism, has the advantage of me. In this issue of the *Newsletter*, which goes to press just before the Election issue is decided, the reader "knows all the answers," the writer writes blindfold. My last gleanings from the Socialist platforms in a rather tepid election battle—the weather had not been favourable for cricket or gardening or listening to speeches in draughty halls—seemed to challenge our duty to our country and not to local or personal interests. But let us be fair to voters of all political colours. The primary object of a General Election is to secure the Government we wish to lead us. But remember :—Sir Hartley told us that this country is approaching bankruptcy. And Mr. Attlee, in his election address at Walthamstow, told us that the forward march of the people had been checked. The Tories had proved unable to *halt* the good work done by Labour since the war. Mr. Attlee was largely right. The forward march to national bankruptcy, whipped on by the Socialists, has not yet been completely halted by the Tories. It has been greatly slowed down. Vote Labour (logic suggested to me) and the crater's edge, into which Sir Hartley is looking, will engulf you in no time if Mr. Attlee cries "Forward again." But it was rather "verminous" of Mr. Bevan to dismiss the electorate as mere Gadarene swine. Some of us don't pine to run violently down a steep place into the sea and perish in the waters. Some do. Some don't. I won't prophesy the percentages, and I won't vote Labour . . . *this* time, at any rate. The Tories may not always be the "best claret." To-day they are "the best you 've *got*, Sir."

The Stars in Their Courses Fought for Joshua.—Sir Anthony, even in the anxious hour before the burning minute breaks, must surely have felt that his star was rising and leading him to a great destiny. I wonder if ever before a Premier, seeking to win a very important and quite open General Election, ever caught in his lap so many ripe plums or ever threw back in the teeth of his opponents so many rotten apples and sour grapes. I doubt it. He may go down to history, perhaps, as Lucky-star Eden, the merchant of Venice whose Argosies sailed into port on the right day, all in convoy, to the confusion of Shylock. Of course anything may happen in Russia, in the East, in Europe or Manchester or Barchester, in a pre-election week. This day month the political set-fair may be drowned in a deep depression. But even so, there's much in the bag, enough to swell it and burst its seams. What was left for his opponents to pick up and use as ammunition except a prophecy of speedy disillusion ? World diplomacy is enjoying a bonanza harvest. The Kremlin was smiling on our blue-eyed boy. The elusive Goddess of Peace seemed to fold him in her wings. The Goddess of Plenty opened her cornucopia to improve our trade balance. The Goddess of Reason promised a new look in industrial relations, even though the strike crisis threatened to return. The Goddess of Chance rigged the local government elections to start a landslide in his favour. It really did look unlikely that No. 10 would have another furniture-removal at the end of May, and Mr. Attlee, putting a brave face on it, may have thought so, too. But 1945 and all that kept heart in the field of outsiders and the spur and the whip on the flanks of the favourite.

Liberal St. George.—I assume that the Liberals will again fail to get anywhere near their election target. Some of us who would have voted for a Liberal candidate standing against a Socialist had no opportunity to do so. But I fancy we should have so voted rather from tradition than from the current persuasions put out by the Liberal manifesto and by the Liberal chiefs. The dragons of monopolies and restrictive practices, of trade unions which have lost control, of extravagant public spending, and, above all, of "Crichel-Downing" and petty tyranny, are very real and dreadful in our eyes and we want to see them speared. But we wanted to know how these spearings would be done. A party which has not the remotest hope of forming a Government can always promise to reform the world without precise specifications of how and when. A party which may be called on within a week to implement its promises is a little more inclined to ca' canny and is bound to give a glimpse at least of the weapons it will employ. But for the Liberals this year it was enough to thunder out against the abuses of our rights and to indicate that they will be attacked with a magic wand—one day. Well, I hope so. I wish there might be more good Liberals in the new House to give it a suggestion of independence and free voting according to conscience and individual common sense. I prefer a three-party to a two-party system. It reduces the risk of reckless unscrambling and gives more continuity to evolutionary legislation. I should resent at *this* election encouragement to Liberalism made at the expense of a Tory majority. But I am far from dismissing the Liberals for their vague promises. After all, neither of the big parties dared to brand the dragon which most terrorises us to-day, let alone to give us a glimpse of the weapon by which they will destroy it. Unauthorised strikes and ruthless restrictive practices were a problem too awkward and too controversial for the parties which aspired to *govern* us. The Liberals, not so inhibited, at least hinted at some bold and secret weapons for the jobs on hand.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald.—Time was when the Viceroyalty of India was, after the Premiership, the plum among great offices. Those who held it were chosen with infinite care and, on the whole, with success. The High Commissioners to-day are as important functionaries as Viceroys and Governors-General, and nowhere more so than in Delhi. Mr. MacDonald was an obvious choice. We had come to believe that he could never be released from South-East Asia. He has been there so long. There is little he does not know about the aspirations of Eastern peoples towards self-government, or about the dangers of Communist infiltration ; and he has few rivals in the technique of showing British Far Eastern policy in a favourable light. Year after year his first term has been extended, though his policies and prophecies have sometimes been criticised and falsified. It seemed he would never leave those troubled waters and Johore. In Delhi he should find things far less harassing, far more predictable, infinitely more civilised, almost ultra modern. But still his great knowledge of peoples and terrains, so vitally important to India and to the Commonwealth, must stand him and us and India in good stead, and we pay a deserved compliment to India in sending her a bottle of the "best claret we've got," the son of our first Labour Premier.

REPAIRS TO A HISTORIC HOUSE

WORK IN PROGRESS ON AN ARCHITECTURAL TREASURE IN HERTFORDSHIRE : No. 18, Melbourn Street, in Royston, is built on timber framing of the early seventeenth century, although externally it presents a late Georgian frontage. The red-tiled roof is almost hidden behind a parapet extending the length of the house. The doorway is pedimented with frieze and cornice and is flanked with Roman-Doric half-columns of wood. The interior has been described as the epitome of English decoration from 1630 to 1830. On the ground floor the hall is early Georgian, one of the rooms Jacobean and the drawing-room Regency.

Dangerous Trades.—Mr. Fothergill missed by one day a chance to ram home the importance of his party's promise to free the citizens from bureaucratic tyranny with a superbly telling instance of our reactions to State interference. The very day following his broadcast, the Society of Civil Servants met at Folkestone and demanded a claus in their conditions of service to secure to their members compensation and full salaries during incapacity due *to assaults by the public upon officials exercising their duties.* These assaults are increasing. Some of the public call these worthy men snoopers and rush at them with scythes or let the bull out on them, when they have only come to check over agricultural wages. Or a harassed housewife takes up the rolling-pin when intimate quizzes are put to her as a result

a claim for public assistance. It seems that these poor fellows need more than tact in their build-up. They need breastplates and tin-hats. You would have supposed that it was a very poor way to start an attempt to secure public assistance—to stun the man who has the means to grant it, to bite the hand that feeds you. But in our great democracy there exist "unsocial persons" with criminal tendencies who have something to conceal from authority, perhaps, and sometimes answer sweet reason with a bludgeon. Hence, it may be more dangerous for the Board's officer to call and enquire than it is for the postman to deliver letters where Alsatians are kept. The meter-reading men are now studying dog psychology and the proper approach to mastiffs, believing prevention to be better than compensation. The poor fellows, who groan under the cruel name of "snoopers," ask no more than full salary while in hospital—a reasonable claim by men who realise that their trade is dangerous. Till they get it, many will drift into the comparative safety of hunting-down Mau Mau, cutting at the coal-face and experimenting with new nuclear devices. This drift must cease, or public assistance will die an unnatural death.

The Croucher.—However late in the day, however distracted the times by domestic and foreign politics, I 'll not let Gilbert Jessop pass without a tribute and a personal memory. I am proud to have seen W.G. both batting and bowling on several occasions. I am prouder to remember having seen Jessop play out one of his two most historic innings and at least half-a-dozen more, and to have seen him at his most glorious in the field at extra-cover and at his most useful and dangerous employment of the ball. There never was, and never will be, a better all-rounder or a better propagandist for county cricket. Cricket is a great game. Village cricket is nearly always amusing. County cricket, except for statisticians and masters of technique, can often be dull. The glory of Jessop lay in his power, for one crowded hour of glorious play, to raise county cricket to the plane of village cricket, and *vice versa*. I can see him now. The instantaneous snap-shots have not faded at all. Crack—the ball is soaring to crash on the Tavern at Lord's and Jessop is on both knees on the crease—and the ball was just short of a length on the *off* side. Crack—the ball was a trifle short on the leg stump. Jessop drew away and cut it to the ropes between point and third man, and scattered the spectators in the Members' Stand. Crack! Crack! Twice in an over the ball crashes and fizzes among the old gentlemen in the pavilion and straw hats are waving all over the roaring ground: 87 runs to Jessop in forty minutes! That 's cricket—that was. Small wonder the evening papers in those days carried no bigger headlines. *Those* H. bombs were big enough for us—and a little less dangerous.

A Tribute to the Tough.—Are we decadent as a race? Are we even down-hearted? The week-end before last I went down to a village cricket ground to watch our team open their "away" season. The ground looked dazzling. It was carpeted with hail stones the size of cricket balls. The teams, in their white flannels, put to shame by the whiteness of Nature (unnatural Nature), waited and joked in the pavilion until the clouds should break. Less hopeful, I returned to welcome guests to my garden, open to the public under the gardens scheme. The hail battered the last of the pink cherry blossom, the azaleas, one and all, refused to appear, the tulips dipped their faces in the puddles, and a wind from the Arctic thrashed through the maples. It was not a day to turn a dog out of doors. . . . And yet about eighty people paid their shillings or more, coming in from far and near, and even expressed a lively interest in the relics of what the day before had been a very ordinary, untidy little garden. We are *not* a decadent race. We are *not* down-hearted. We are a fighting, virile race and, what is more, despite all that class-hatred propaganda, a nation of good neighbours and kind hearts. The seasons may be at sixes and sevens, the snow-ploughs may be busy on our northern trunk roads, but we don't let that deter us from "playing cricket" and pursuing our other time-honoured summer recreations. But since an Arctic May is now usual, we shall soon have to readjust our sporting fixtures. There are moments when (even at Election time) I admire my fellow-men—next idolatry. If we can so cheerfully weather our weather, it is surely in our power to hit for six the H. bomb, the strikes, the trade deficits, and the rest of our little problems.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT AND WELFARE—AN ACT OF FAITH By C. J. M. ALPORT

also

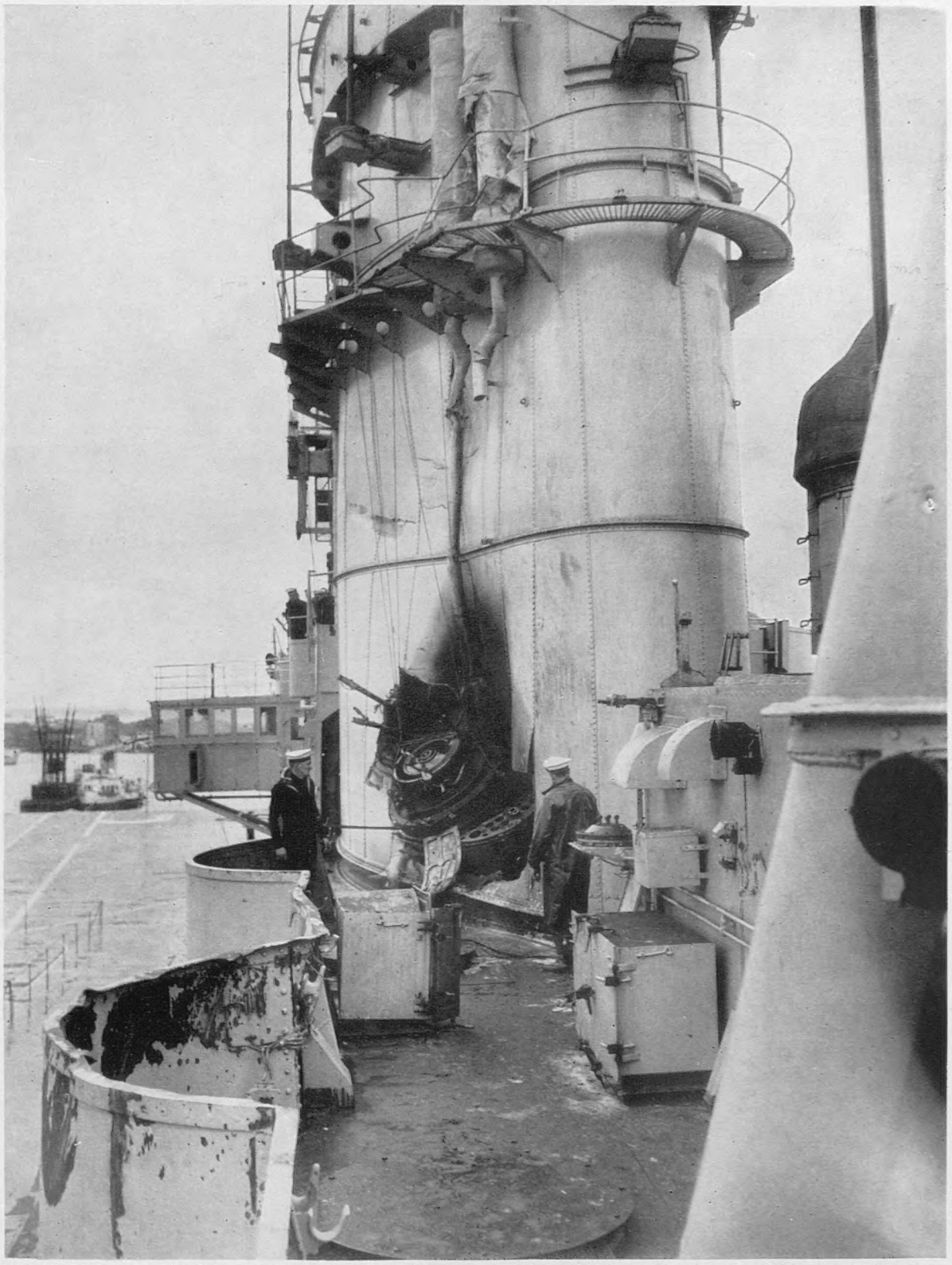
BRITAIN'S COAST GUARD SERVICE By JOHN MAY

also

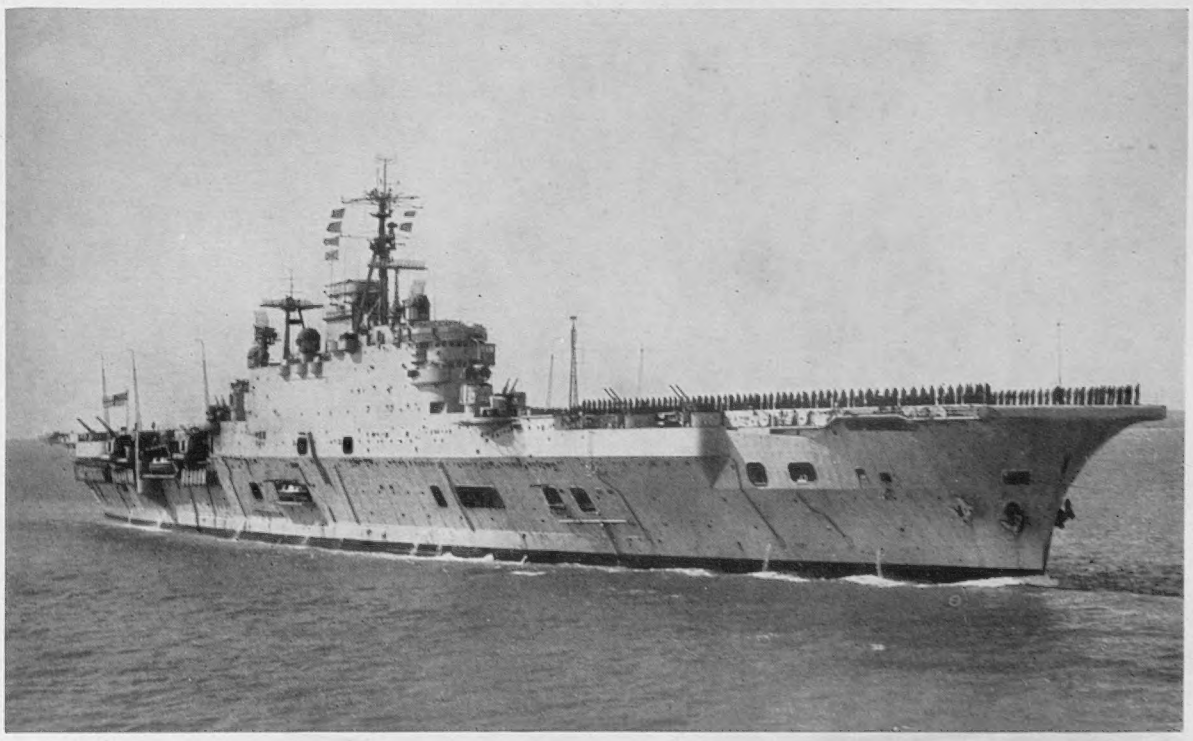
CAMBRIDGE COLLEGES

New Drawings by Dennis Flanders

A WYVERN AIRCRAFT CRASHES INTO H.M.S. "EAGLE"



THE ENGINE OF A WYVERN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT IS WEDGED IN THE FUNNEL OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS: The plane had crashed into H.M.S. *Eagle* while on exercises about 40 miles off the Nab Tower, Spithead. As the pilot came in to land he was waved off, but when he accelerated his engine stalled and the plane crashed against the port side of the funnel. Although most of the wreckage was cleared, the engine was left in the funnel casing. The pilot was later flown by helicopter to the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar. In the picture *below* the 36,800-ton *Eagle* is seen entering Portsmouth for repairs made necessary by the accident. She had had to wait for calmer weather before returning to port. Prior to the exercises she had spent nine months at Devonport having her accommodation and flight-deck equipment modernised. Her proposed departure for the Mediterranean last week-end was postponed.



HORSE TRIALS AT WINDSOR

The European Horse Trials, Where the Queen Saw the British Team Win in Fine Style

British horses once again showed themselves supreme in the arduous European Horse Trials, which this year were held at Windsor Great Park by permission of the Queen, who, appropriately, watched on all four days of the event. The British team, who have now won the trials for three consecutive years, scored only 198·198 penalty points, against the 371·166 of Switzerland, the only other team to finish the strenuous tests.

The great personal triumph at Windsor was that of Major F. W. C. Weldon, Royal Artillery, the captain of the British team, who won the individual championship with a score of plus 4·676. From the start of the trials, Kilbarry appeared in tremendous form, and Major Weldon kept him well in hand. Only two other horses have finished the trials with a plus score.

British riders were also successful in the individual championships. Following Major Weldon and Kilbarry was Lieutenant-Commander Oram, riding Radar, who had only 37·104 penalty points to come second, and Mr. Hill, on Countryman, was third with 54·0. Of the international teams which failed to finish, both Sweden and Ireland were well in the running up to the third day, but were eliminated then on a technical infringement.

At no point did it appear that the British team was in danger of losing the lead, and there were several excellent individual performances. Major Weldon was probably at his best during the crucial speed and endurance test, and came in first with 104 bonus points. Diana Mason and Tramella won the dressage and Mr. Hill and Countryman came first in the show-jumping.

On right—

THE SCENE AT WINDSOR DURING THE HORSE TRIALS: Mr. E. Marsh, on Crispin, clearing a fence for the drop into the sand-pit during the endurance tests. Crispin was the reigning European champion.

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION AND CAPTAIN OF THE WINNING TEAM: Major Weldon and Kilbarry take a jump in immaculate style during the European Horse Trials. Kilbarry's performance throughout was excellent, and he finished the trials with a score of plus 4·676.

SAFELY PAST THE WATER JUMP AT WINDSOR: Miss Diana Mason, on Tramella, who gained first place in the dressage tests. Later, however, Tramella was eliminated after refusing four times at a jump during the endurance tests.

JUMPING IN FINE STYLE AT WINDSOR: *On left*—Countryman, ridden by Mr. E. A. Hill, seen in the jumping tests. In these Countryman finished in first place, making a fine round and faulting only at the last fence. *On right*—A successful rider and mount from Australia. Mr. R. L. Morgan and his horse, Gold Ross, both come from Australia, and put up promising performances. In the individual championships they finished in fourth place, with only 59·126 penalty points.

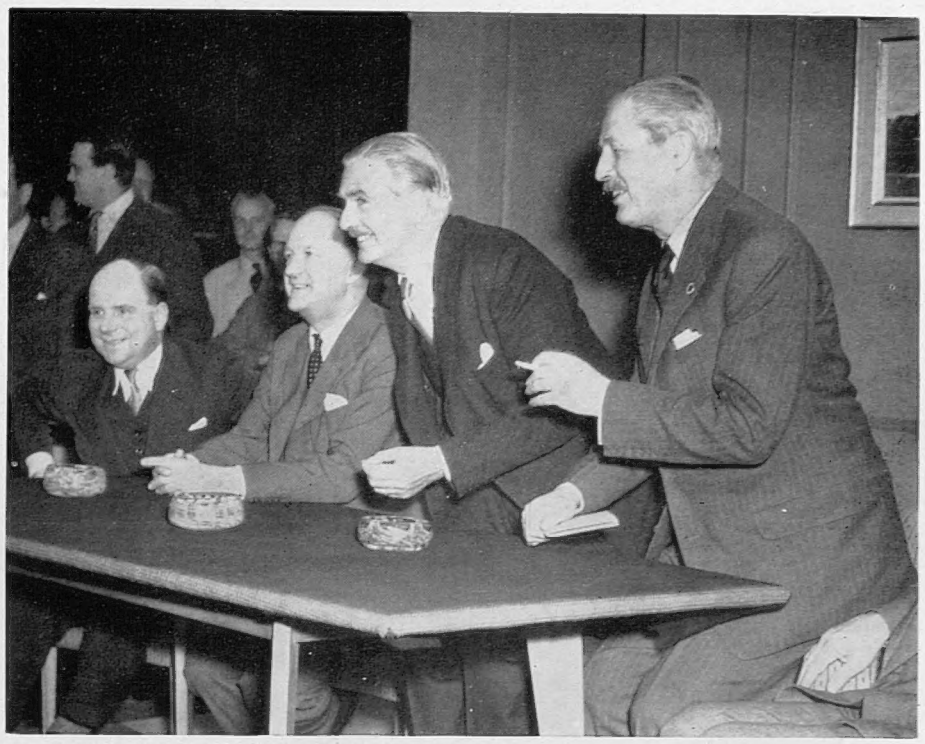
ELECTION ROUNDABOUT

A Survey of the Last Stages of the General Election Campaign, with Some of the Personalities Who Participated in It

A HELPING HAND FOR THE PRIME MINISTER: Sir Anthony Eden is helped on to the makeshift platform at Rutherglen, in Lanarkshire, by the Unionist candidate, Mr. R. Brooman-White. The Prime Minister was touring marginal constituencies in the Glasgow area.

On right—

A HELPING HAND FROM SIR WINSTON: Sir Winston Churchill waves a cheery farewell to the audience as he leaves a meeting at East Walthamstow. While he did not intervene in the election campaign on a national level, Sir Winston was active in selected constituencies. Besides campaigning in his own Woodford, he lent his active support to the Conservative candidate at neighbouring East Walthamstow, to Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd at Mid-Bedfordshire, and to his son-in-law, Captain Christopher Soames, at Bedford.



THE TORY LEADERS FACE THE NATION: A happy group in front of the television cameras at Lime Grove during the broadcast by leaders of the Conservative Party. From left are Mr. Iain Macleod, Mr. R. A. Butler, Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Harold Macmillan. With Sir Walter Monckton, they answered questions put by newspaper editors.

A MARKET-SQUARE AUDIENCE FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL: The former leader of the Conservative Party addressing a large crowd at Biggleswade, in the Mid-Bedfordshire division, contested by Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, who was Colonial Secretary in the last Government.

STORMCLOUDS OVER MR. BEVAN: In a valley between Ebbw Vale and Tredegar, Mr. Aneurin Bevan is seen addressing his constituents from the top of a windswept truck. Mr. Bevan, who had been actively campaigning in many parts of the country, returned to the Welsh valleys last week-end for the first time since the election campaign began.

THE NEW ALLIANCE: Mr. Herbert Morrison, Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, with Lady Megan Lloyd George, when they appeared on television last week. Lady Megan, once the pride of the Liberal Party, last month decided to join and actively assist the Labour Party.

ELECTION ROUNDABOUT

(Continued from previous page)

VETERANS OF MANY AN ELECTION ARE MADE READY FOR ANOTHER BATTLE : The ballot boxes, which have seen much previous service in the polling booths, are being prepared for polling stations in Kensington by officials at the borough Town Hall. Posters and stationery are also ready.

CANDIDATES FIND IT HARD TO GET AN AUDIENCE : Mr. Andrew Bowden, who fought Hammersmith North for the Conservatives, sits on top of his car as he addresses passers-by near Shepherd's Bush, London.

RURAL RIDES : The Conservative candidate for the New Forest constituency in Hampshire, Colonel O. E. Crosthwaite-Eyre, addresses a small country gathering near Brockenhurst. *On right*—Two of his supporters go canvassing in the constituency on horseback, advertising their candidate as they ride.

AN INDEPENDENT AT GRAVESEND : Sir Richard Acland, who resigned before the dissolution of Parliament from the Labour Party in order to stand in his constituency as an Independent. He is opposed to the manufacture of nuclear weapons by this country.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN ESSEX : Mr. R. A. Butler addressing a well-attended meeting at the Corn Exchange in Chelmsford. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told farmers in the audience that the country depends on agriculture to grow more food to adjust the balance of trade endangered by falling coal output.

FIGHTING TWO BATTLES : Mrs. Iain Macleod, who was struck down by poliomyelitis six weeks after her husband became Minister of Health, canvassing in Enfield West.

OVERSEAS STUDENTS WHO ARE TO STUDY ELECTION PROCEDURE : Some of the students make a declaration of secrecy before a Justice of the Peace in London. This declaration enabled the students to be present at the counting of votes after polling had taken place.

THE LIBERALS ON TELEVISION : Viscount Samuel as seen on the television screen during the broadcast on behalf of the Liberal Party. Mr. Frank Byers and Mr. John Arlott also participated in this programme. Electioneering by television proved to be one of the main factors in the campaign. All three main political parties made extensive use of it.

A BATTLE AGAINST BOUNDARY CHANGES : Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, who was Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health in the last Government, prepares her car for a day's campaigning in Chislehurst, Kent.

A BATTLE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS : Lady Tweedsmuir, campaigning for re-election as Conservative member for Aberdeen South, at an open-air meeting at one of the town shipyards. After her meeting she was glad of the warmth of a coke brazier, for snow was falling during her speech. In many parts of Scotland the exceptionally bad weather kept audiences at meetings down to even smaller numbers than did the general apathy in England.

A REMARKABLE CONTRAPTION IN A MARGINAL LONDON CONSTITUENCY : Sir Keith Joseph, the Conservative candidate for the new Barons Court constituency, using this visual aid at a meeting at Lena Gardens School. Comparing the effects of Socialist and Tory Governments, he uses an ingenious system of red and blue poles to measure—literally—the success of the Governments in different spheres.

A LUCKY HORSESHOE WHERE LUCK WAS NEEDED : Mr. R. G. White, the Labour candidate at Hastings, pinning a horseshoe on the poster on his car. It had been sent to him by friends in Merthyr Tydfil. Mr. White was fighting a Conservative majority of nearly 15,000, though the intervention of a Liberal candidate and redistribution of the constituency boundaries gave him some encouragement.

OXFORD HONOURS A ROYAL SCHOLAR

The Degree of Doctor of Letters is Conferred by Diploma on King Gustav of Sweden

ON THE WAY TO THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE: The King and Queen of Sweden in the procession to the Oxford hall, where King Gustav received the degree by diploma.

King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden paid a brief but happy visit to Oxford last week, when the King received the degree of Doctor of Letters by diploma. This was conferred on the King for his life-long work as an archæologist of considerable academic distinction. In his speech at the ceremony in the Sheldonian Theatre, he told his distinguished audience how, "try as I may, I cannot find any other reason for my archæological activities than the lure of treasure-hunting. I blush when I remember the primitive methods of my first excavation, the instruments employed merely comprising—horrible thought—a pick-axe and spade." In presenting the diploma, the Chancellor of the University, the Earl of Halifax, referred to the numerous archæological projects which had been directed by King Gustav in Sweden, Greece, Cyprus, and other centres.

THE NEW DOCTOR OF LETTERS RETURNS TO NEW COLLEGE: King Gustav and Queen Louise are preceded by the Chancellor of Oxford University, the Earl of Halifax, in the procession from the Sheldonian Theatre, seen in the background. They are passing beneath Hertford Bridge towards New College. King Gustav received the degree of Doctor of Letters in recognition of his work as an archæologist and as a patron of the arts. The Earl of Halifax told the King, "the eminence of your station is matched by your rank as a scholar."

"I WAS POSSESSED WITH AN INVETERATE DESIRE TO EXPLORE": King Gustav speaking to the gathering of 1,500 assembled at the Sheldonian Theatre for the degree ceremony. In an entertaining address the King told how, aged fifteen, he became an amateur archæologist for no other reason than "the lure of treasure-hunting."

WITH THE VICE-CHANCELLOR: King Gustav with Mr. A. H. Smith, Warden of New College and Vice-Chancellor of the University, acting as host.

AUSTRIA IS FREED : For the first time since the war the red-white-red flag of the Austrian Republic flies (from the roof) on equal terms with the colours of the Allies in front of the Belvedere in Vienna. This palace was where the Treaty restoring Austrian independence was signed.

AUSTRIA IN CHAINS : Nazi swastikas fly in the Vienna Ring in the spring of 1938 after Hitler's seizure of the country. Behind is the Austrian Parliament building, which the Nazis turned into an administrative headquarters.

AUSTRIA REJOICES IN FREEDOM

Background to the Small, but Key Country of Central Europe, to which Independence has been Restored After Long Negotiations Between the West and Russia

By LINDLEY FRASER

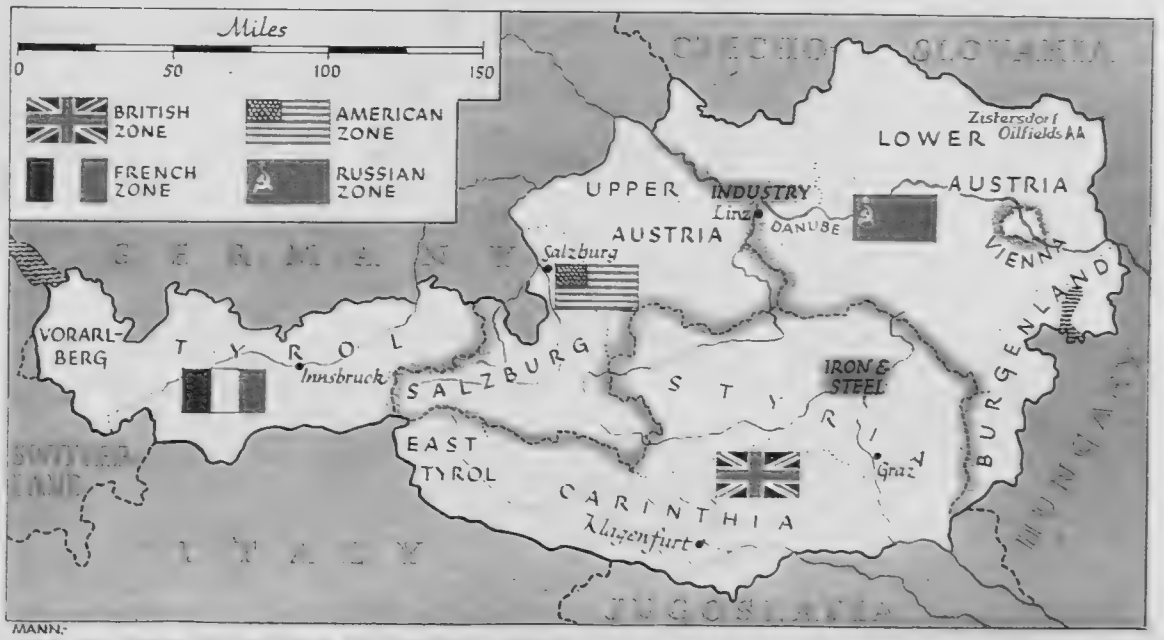
VIENNA is a happy city to-day, for it has just witnessed a big step forward in the history of post-war Europe. A treaty has been signed between Austria and the four Great Powers—France, the United Kingdom, the United States, and the Soviet Union—which gives Austria her full position as a free, neutral, independent, sovereign State. Occupation troops are to be withdrawn from Austrian territory, the four High Commissioners of the Occupying Powers have become Ambassadors (on the Western side they have been that in substance for more than four years) and the Austrian people have at last achieved what they have been working and fighting for ever since the Second World War ended.

The treaty is not, by the way, a "Peace" Treaty, but a "State" Treaty. The distinction between the two types of treaty is of great importance, not least to the Austrians themselves. A "Peace" Treaty is only signed with a former enemy. But Austria was not an enemy of the Western Powers and Russia during the Second World War. She regards herself as having been forced against her will into the war on Hitler's side.

While the war was still being fought the Allies accepted this view. They recognised that the Anschluss, the absorption of Austria into the "Great German Reich" in 1938, was an act of force and was bitterly repugnant to the majority of Austrians; and they pledged themselves, in the famous 1943 Moscow declaration, to re-establish a "free, independent Austria" after Hitlerism had been destroyed. Their subsequent actions confirmed this down to such small details as the naming of the occupying authority. There was never a "Control" Commission in Austria; only an "Allied" Commission. And from almost the first day after the liberation of the country the Allies recognised Austrian independence. A Government was set up within a few weeks of the occupation of the country by Allied troops. It was headed by an old Social Democrat lawyer, Dr. Renner.

By the end of 1945 Dr. Renner had become President of the Austrian State (a position, by the way, which he had occupied in the '20's when the Social Democrats were first in power), and his position as Chancellor was taken over by Dr. Figl, a tough, country-born, ex-concentration-camp anti-Nazi. At that time every Austrian believed that he was soon to gain his full independence by the signing of a "State Treaty" between his Government and the four Allies, in which it would be once and for all confirmed that Austria bore no share of the guilt for Hitler's war.

But things did not work out like that. The Russians had hoped that the Government to be set up in Austria would be dominated by Communists and wholly subservient to themselves. When they discovered that the Austrians, though for the most part strongly anti-Nazi, were even more unanimously opposed to Communism, they started making difficulties, and it is owing to the Kremlin's obstruction that the State Treaty has been held up for more than ten years.



ONCE THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST EMPIRE : The map shows the small territory of modern Austria, as it was divided into the Allied Occupied Zones. The Treaty ends the occupation. But the new freedom of the Austrians is a small thing compared with past glories when the Habsburgs ruled from here the world's greatest Empire.

For instance, there was the question of "German assets." The Russians claimed that everything built by the Nazis in Austria since the Anschluss was a proper object for reparations. In principle they were right in this, according to the Potsdam agreement. But their interpretation of the "German Assets" principle was more than liberal. During the war the Nazis had developed the now famous oilfields around Zistersdorf, a village some thirty miles north-east of Vienna, and after the war in the Russian Zone of occupation. The derricks and pumps and storage tanks were all "German assets"; nobody disputed this. If the Soviet authorities had decided to dismantle them and remove them to Russia there would have been no ground for complaint.

But they did not do that. They left the equipment on the spot and in working order; indeed, they added to it greatly with machinery brought from Russia, they increased the output of the field by nearly 100 per cent., and they claimed its yield of crude oil as reparations, allowing the Austrians only a minimal share in it (for which they had to pay in cash). One can understand Austrian indignation. The derricks may have been German assets, but the oil itself clearly belonged to Austria, an allegedly friendly country.

Or again, take the case of Trieste. When, after many months of tedious negotiation, the four victor Powers had worked out a draft Austrian State Treaty, the Russians said that of course it could not be finally agreed till an acceptable arrangement was made about the future of Trieste, that notorious apple of discord between Italy and Yugoslavia. This was a particularly blatant piece of obstructionism. The Trieste issue had nothing to do with Austria, except that before the First World War Trieste was a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Moreover, it was an issue between two countries, neither of which was in the Russian orbit once Tito had broken with the Kremlin.

Then, when the Trieste issue was settled, the Russians suddenly said that no treaty could be concluded with Austria till agreement had been reached among the Four Powers about Germany.

No wonder that the Western Powers, like many Austrians, came to believe that the object of the

(Continued on following page)

POST-WAR REBUILDING IN VIENNA : The new West Station has risen from the ruins of the building bombed during the war. Coming into this station visitors from the West have their first glimpses of a city which, in the cold war era, has been an outpost of Western civilisation.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION : Smoke and flames billow round the 405-ft. spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna after a war-time bombing raid. The deep religious feeling of the Austrians is evidenced by their insistence on its post-war restoration being given top-priority.

AUSTRIA REJOICES IN FREEDOM

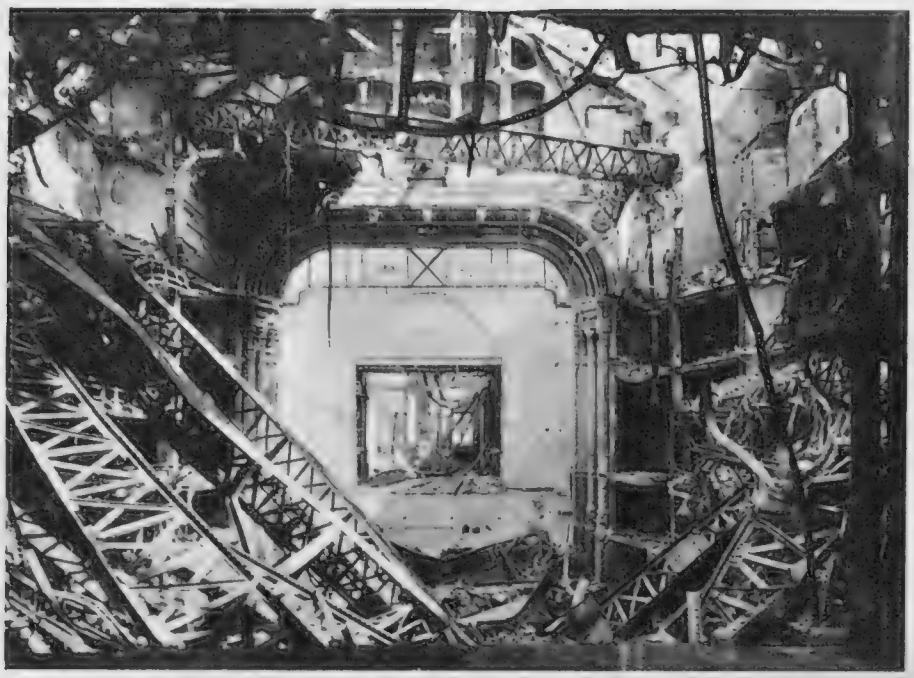
(*Continued from previous page*)

Kremlin was not to complete but to prevent a settlement in Austria. Then, a few weeks ago, Moscow suddenly changed its line, and agreed to signing the treaty withdrawing troops from Austrian territory and handing over to the Austrian Government—admittedly at a price—the "assets" in Austria over which it has hitherto jealously kept control. This is an undeniable success for the Western Powers. It is due to their steadfastness in another field, that of West-German rearmament.

Many Germans dislike the remilitarisation of their country no less fervently than do many Frenchmen and Englishmen. They would prefer to remain unarmed and "neutral." The Russians, too, want a neutral West Germany, both because the defence of Western Europe would be infinitely more difficult than it is at present if all N.A.T.O. troops had to be withdrawn from West-German territory, and also because a defenceless Western Germany would be a ready victim to the large and well-equipped Communist forces now standing at the alert in the Soviet Zone of Germany.

In comparison with Germany, Austria is of little strategic importance to the Red Army. But a settlement with Austria on the basis of that country's neutrality must strengthen greatly the force of neutralist opinion in Germany. The inference is clear: Moscow hopes, by coming to terms on Austria, to persuade Western Germany not to honour its recently completed agreements for integration in the defence system of the West.

One cannot help suspecting that the Kremlin left the gesture till too late. But the gesture has been made. It would have been difficult for Russia to have introduced at the last minute still further obstacles in the way of the State Treaty. Before the end of the year we may hope to see the completion of a small but highly important advance in the direction of eliminating the trouble spots of Central Europe.



THE VIENNA OPERA HOUSE BEFORE AND DURING RESTORATION : *Left*—The interior of the famous building on the corner of the Kärntnerstrasse and Opernring after an air raid in March 1945. *Right*—Work in progress on the roof of the restored Opera House. The Viennese bracketed it with the Cathedral at the top of the list for post-war restoration.

REBUILDING INNSBRUCK : *On left* workmen are busy on the new Hotel Europa, a corner of which can be seen. In the background demolition proceeds on a bombed hotel which is also now rebuilt. *On right* is the nearly-completed Hotel Europa in 1950. The work was financed by E.R.P. Austria's tourist trade is one of her best assets

***On left*—**
MODEL HOMES : Part of one of the latest workers' housing estates in Vienna, erected in 1951. The Municipality of Vienna has a fine tradition in housing. Thirty years ago the Austrian capital was a pioneer in social welfare and a small "welfare state."

***On right*—**
THE "ORE MOUNTAIN" : This is the literal meaning of the remarkable Erzberg in the wild vastness of Styria. For centuries the mountain has been quarried for ore without mining operation. It is one of the few open-air iron workings in Europe.

Austria is a small country with a great past and its citizens, particularly those in the upper age-brackets, may be forgiven for feeling nostalgically that even the freedom they are about to enjoy is a small thing as compared with former glories. Out of a total population of some 7,000,000, more than a quarter is concentrated in Vienna, a city built and designed as a metropolis for a great Empire, far too big and imposing to be the centre of a minor principality. We can make a comparison here with London.

If, as a result of war and revolution, Great Britain were not merely to lose the Colonial Empire and be cut off from the Commonwealth, but were itself to be broken up into several fragments so that London remained the capital of an area extending no further north than, say, to the Severn Estuary and the Wash, how would visitors to London feel, how would Londoners themselves feel about their great city? St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament remaining only as well-loved monuments of lost greatness, the government buildings in Whitehall used for municipal administration or let off to private business, the famous banks of the City shorn of their world-wide connections and forced to tout for local custom; Vienna has been in this kind of position for more than thirty years. Naturally it looks to the glorious past when it was the centre of European culture, the economic and financial headquarters of the whole of Central and South-Eastern Europe, the seat of a great Empire, the meeting place of kings and queens and princes.

The memories of what has gone before do not die easily with the ordinary Austrian, least of all if he is a citizen of Vienna. He has long since abandoned any hope of recovering for his capital its imperial status, but just for that reason he clings to the enduring symbols of its greatness. During the Second World War Vienna received its share of damage from air raids. Admittedly it was hit far less hard than Berlin or Dresden, Coventry or Plymouth, but by the day of liberation, in April 1945, it was a city of the homeless and starving.

Yet the first thing on which the Viennese insisted as soon as the work of reconstruction could begin was to rebuild the Cathedral of St. Stephen (the Austrians for all their traditional light-heartedness are a deeply religious people) and the famous Vienna Opera House. Private dwellings seemed less important. Even Karl Marx House, the huge block of workers' flats built under a Social-Democratic administration in the '20's and damaged during the Fascist riots in the early '30's, had to take second place behind these two shrines of Austrian religious and cultural greatness.

Vienna is, in short, to-day, as it has been for a generation, a metropolis without an empire. Go up north to the Vienna Woods, almost as famous as the blue Danube; for the small cost of a glass of wine you can look over the whole extent of this great city. The view of London from Hampstead Pond does not compare with it, even when the weather is friendly. Before one's feet, clearly defined, with its towers and domes and, quite unmistakable, the great spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral, is a metropolis. Nobody seeing this superb view can doubt it. But where is the Empire?

Not in present-day Austria, as the older generation notes with nostalgic regret. Not anywhere, the cynical geopolitician will add. Perhaps after the First World War better use could have been made of this splendid city, for instance, as the headquarters of the League of Nations. But that was out of the question. In 1918 Vienna was the capital of a defeated Empire and the architects of the League were looking for a place in which the victors and vanquished in the First World War could forget their recent death-struggles.

After the Second World War the prospects of Vienna as a European capital were even bleaker. Like Berlin it was an island surrounded by a Soviet occupied zone. If Russia had been willing to remain an ally of the Western Powers this would not have been an insuperable difficulty. And in fact the Soviet authorities have to this day made no difficulties about access to Vienna. Even the two airports which are used by the Western Powers, Schwechat, a few miles east of the city boundary, and Tulln, about twenty miles to the west, have been freely used by British and American

THE ALLIES IN OCCUPATION : *Left*—British and Soviet officers shake hands at an official occasion in Vienna. *Right*—British military police have parked their jeep beneath the Union Jack flying in the Kärnterstrasse, one of the best-known streets in Europe. In the past ten years Vienna has grown used to foreign uniforms. Under the recently signed Treaty all Occupation forces must be out of Austria by the end of this year.

THE FRONTIER WITH YUGOSLAVIA : The snow-capped Karawanken Mountains are part of the south-eastern border of Austria. In recent years they have become familiar to the British troops stationed around Klagenfurt, in Carinthia. Left foreground is the pilgrimage church of Maria-Rain.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURE : On a farm near Mönchof, in the Burgenland Province of East Austria, a peasant waters his cattle from a well and trough of the most primitive kind. Here the plain rolls to the Hungarian border.

On left—
THE OIL WELLS OF ZISTERSDORF : They were developed by the Germans in the war. In 1945 they became part of the Russian Zone. The question of the Austrian rights to the oil held up the Treaty negotiations for a long time.

On right—
A FLOURISHING INDUSTRY : The rebuilt Austrian Iron and Steel Company's Works are at Linz, on the Danube. The Germans built up production here from 1938. As a result Linz was heavily bombed during the war.

supply units, as have the main roads from Linz (in what was the American Zone) in the west and Semmering (British Zone) in the south-west.

But in the era of the cold war Vienna, like Berlin, has been an outpost of Western civilisation behind the Iron Curtain and even now, when all physical barriers at the Enns Bridge, just outside of Linz, and on the Semmering Pass have been removed, it remains no more than a possible meeting point between East and West, and cannot be a metropolis for either. For many years to come this noble city, though it will without question regain and retain its position as a centre of music and the arts, will continue to be, what it has been for thirty-five years, a capital without a country.

How does Vienna, how does Austria survive under these difficult circumstances ? One is tempted to ask in reply, how does any small country survive ? Austria has certain great natural advantages. The mountainous country in the west and south is the envy of many a patriotic citizen of Switzerland. Before the First World War the two westerly provinces of Austria, Tyrol and Vorarlberg, were a favourite resort of British mountaineers and winter sports enthusiasts. Later on British tourists became acquainted with the great massif of the Salzkammergut, somewhat further east, and south of Salzburg ; perhaps more important still, in 1945, as a result of the occupation by British troops of the two southern provinces, Styria and Carinthia, we have learned to know an area which, in the view of many people, is scenically even finer.

Nobody who has spent a few days on the shores of a Carinthian lake, or has watched the moon rising from behind the Karawanken range, along the border of Yugoslavia, will doubt that the southern provinces of Austria represent by their beauty a more lasting and valuable asset to the country than the oil deposits of Zistersdorf. Like Switzerland, Austria has every right to hope that, as in the years between the two wars, so now she may prove a magnet for tourists and holiday-makers from all parts of the world.

Again like Switzerland, Austria has in recent years greatly expanded its industry. The outstanding example is Linz, on the frontier of the American and Russian Zones, and only a few miles away from the frontier with Germany. Other industrial centres are St. Pölten (about half-way between Linz and Vienna) and the strangely named Wiener Neustadt (Vienna Newtown), which lies 30 miles south of the capital, on the main road to the superb Semmering Pass and the southern provinces of Styria and Carinthia. None of these industrial cities are exceptionally attractive to the tourist, any more than Winterthur is in Switzerland. But they have their part to play in keeping the Austrian economy on a balanced keel.

The eastern part of the country, particularly the province of " Lower Austria," of which Vienna is the centre, is not spectacularly beautiful. Rolling agricultural country falls slowly eastward into the flat Danube plain. The plain extends without a break across Hungary and the Iron Curtain seems nowhere more pointless than here—a wispy but formidable and well-mined barbed-wire fence remorselessly cutting across open country which Nature intended for free movement and peaceful intercommunication. On this side of it life is peaceful. Even in the area in which oil wells have been drilled one does not get the impression that they matter in comparison with the countryside itself. The villages are sleepy, untidy, charming. Even before the departure of the Red Army, which has now been agreed, it was easy to forget about wars and Occupation troops when one stopped for lunch in a Lower Austrian guest house or wine-garden.

So far as the individual Austrian peasant is concerned the Occupation has not been as oppressive as in other parts of Soviet-dominated Central Europe. But he naturally does not forget that for ten years after the end of the war, his country has been technically in the hands of foreigners. He looks forward to seeing the last of them as masters, but he will be glad to have them back—from whatever part of the world—as guests (paying guests) and will offer them value for their money—good cooking, superb scenery, a friendly and unaffected welcome.

The Foreign News in Pictures

SINGAPORE TROUBLE SPOT

And a Survey of Other Recent Events Abroad

THE RIOT SQUAD IS CALLED OUT TO DEAL WITH SINGAPORE'S MILITANT TRANSPORT STRIKERS: Police drag away rioters whom they had sprayed with fire-hoses after they had refused to move from the entrance to the Hock Lee amalgamated bus depot. Police also used tear-gas in their attempts to break up the strikers.

On right—

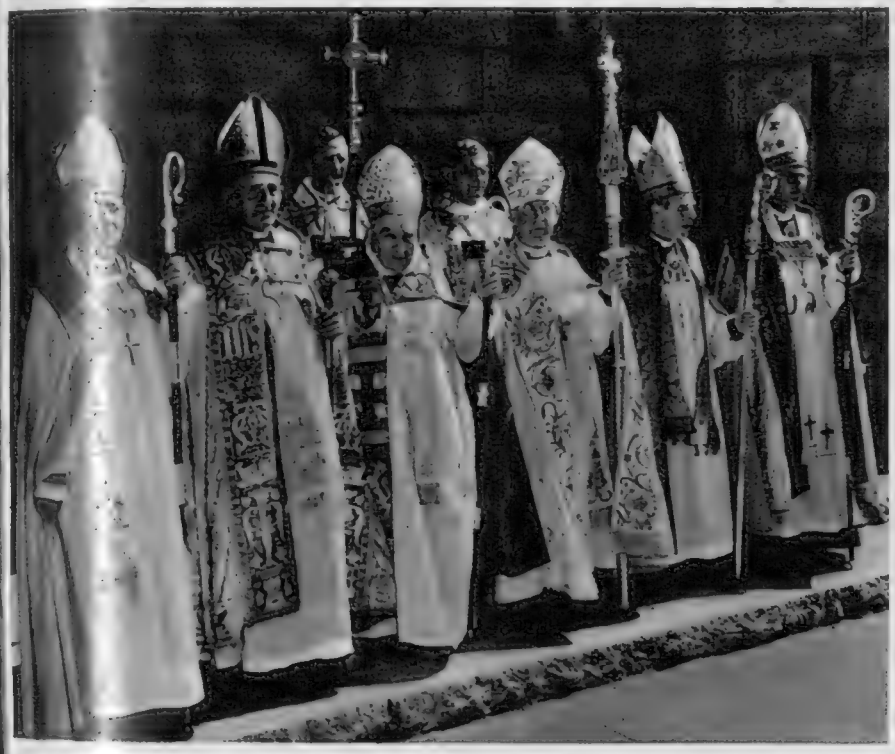
SINGAPORE'S NEW CHIEF MINISTER "MEETS THE PEOPLE": Mr. David Marshall (left) listening to the troubles of an elderly Sikh at his weekly "Meet the People" conference which he promised to hold during the recent election campaign. At the first General Election to be held in Singapore, which took place last month, Mr. Marshall's party, the Labour Front, headed the poll for elected seats in the Legislative Assembly, and Mr. Marshall himself, the only white man to be elected, was appointed Chief Minister. Mr. Marshall is thirty-nine and a criminal lawyer by profession. The Labour Front advocates union between Singapore and the Federation of Malaya, and immediate self-government and eventual independence within the Commonwealth framework.

A ROUGH RECEPTION FOR RIOTING STUDENTS: Police wearing gas-masks wield their batons as a truck-load of Communist students arrived to reinforce the transport workers who were holding up buses at Singapore's central depot during the riots earlier in the month. Four people, including an American journalist, lost their lives in the disturbances, which were symptomatic of the industrial unrest which is sweeping Singapore at the present time. The newly-elected Chief Minister, Mr. David Marshall, was the principal mediator in the negotiations which led to the ending of the bus strike, but Communist-led students later provoked a number of serious disturbances in schools in the colony, following the decision of the Government to close them. Student leaders moved into the buildings and refused to leave them until the order was rescinded. One of the problems confronting Mr. Marshall and his Ministers is that of Communist influence on students on the island.

MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, WHO WILL MOVE TO INDIA IN SEPTEMBER, FULFILLING AN OFFICIAL ENGAGEMENT IN SINGAPORE: The British Commissioner-General in South-East Asia poses with Japanese film stars in Singapore after the opening of the second South-East Asia Film Festival. It was announced last week that Mr. MacDonald has been appointed High Commissioner in India in succession to Sir Alexander Clutterbuck. He will take up his new post at the beginning of September. Mr. MacDonald, who is fifty-four, was appointed in 1946 to be the first Governor-General of the Malayan Union and the new Colony of Singapore. Since then he has remained in Singapore, first as Special Commissioner for South-East Asia and later as Commissioner-General, with the personal rank of Ambassador. His cordial relations with natives of all races have been a source of great strength to British government in the area.

A £30,000,000 PERSIAN CONTRACT FOR A BRITISH FIRM: The signing of the contract in Teheran between the Persian Government and representatives of John Mowlem and Co., the London contractors. From left are General Ansari, Minister for Public Works; Mr. Ebtehaj, director of Persia's Seven-Year Plan; and Mr. R. Glossop, a director of the British firm. Also at the signing ceremony was Brigadier H. E. Horsfield, a representative of John Mowlem and Co. The contract, which is worth £30,000,000, was obtained against strong competition from German, French, and American firms. It provides for the modernisation of roads in Persia as part of the country's seven-year development plan.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE PAYS AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO DENMARK: *On left*—The three daughters of King Frederik wait to take part in the ceremonies on the arrival of President and Madame Coty in Copenhagen. They are Princess Anne-Marie, who is eight; Princess Benedikte, eleven; and Princess Margrethe, fifteen. *On right*—The French President and his wife stand between King Frederik of Denmark and Queen Ingrid on their arrival at the Amalienborg Castle. The French President had arrived in the new French battleship *Jean Bart*. This is only the third official visit by a French Head of State to Denmark; the last took place some fifty years ago.



On left—
THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW ANGLICAN PROVINCE OF CENTRAL AFRICA: The Archbishop of Canterbury took part in a service in Salisbury Cathedral, Southern Rhodesia, to inaugurate the new Province. From left are: the Bishops of Matabeleland and Mashonaland (who was later elected first Archbishop of the Province); the Archbishops of Cape Town and Canterbury; and the Bishops of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

On right—
THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH HONOURS PRESIDENT PERON: The Argentine President, whose recent decrees against the Roman Catholic Church have brought protests from all parts of the world, fondles with delight the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. On left is Monseigneur Irineos, Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church for South America.

KING BAUDOUIN IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: Motorised troops pass the daïs on which the King of the Belgians is taking the salute in the Avenue Albert I in Leopoldville. King Baudouin had arrived on a month's tour of the Belgian Congo, and everywhere he was received with great enthusiasm. Before the King's arrival in Leopoldville nearly a ton of D.D.T. was sprayed over the city by helicopter so that nothing should jeopardise the success of the Royal visit. Addressing a crowd of more than 100,000 people, most of them Africans, he referred to the progress made in the Belgian Congo in the past seventy-five years, and promised "We are planning reforms, but we are going to carry them out in our own way."

THE FIRST BELGIAN MONARCH TO VISIT THE CONGO SINCE 1928: King Baudouin in Leopoldville, accompanied by M. Petillon, the Governor-General. It is the young King's first State visit outside Belgium.

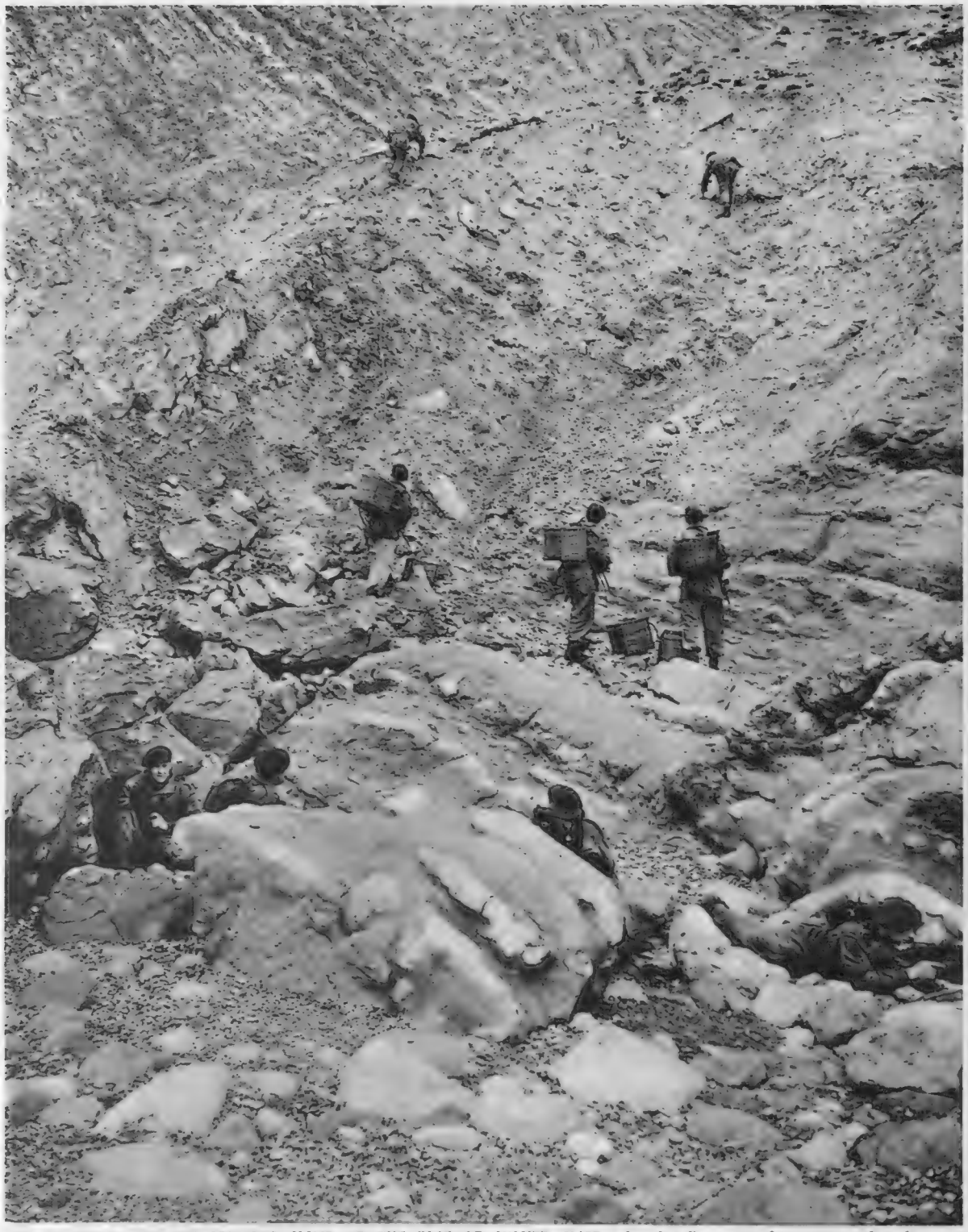
COMMANDOS IN THE ASSAULT

The Royal Marines Demonstrate a Cliff Assault During a Display of Amphibious Warfare Techniques in the Isle of Wight

Since 1949 demonstrations of amphibious warfare have been held each year for the benefit of students at the Navy, Army and Air Force Staff Colleges, and for foreign military observers. Each year new techniques are tried, and this year the Royal Marine Commandos once again showed how superb fitness and training, allied to the lessons learned from past experience, can overcome the most formidable of obstacles. The demonstration at Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight, showed how efficiently trained troops can assault a sheer coastline with little difficulty. Units were established on top of the 250-ft. rock-face with the aid of ropes thrown up by firing rockets and mortars. At the same time, casualties were successfully evacuated from the cliff-top to the beach below.

Another phase of the demonstration took place at Browndown Ranges, Gosport, where a battalion group with supporting arms made an assault against light opposition. Afterwards helicopters were used instead of landing-craft to bring assaulting infantry to specific points on the beach. This marks a great advance in the use of the helicopter on last year's demonstrations.

This was the sixth Exercise "Run Aground," and as always it was a combined operation in the fullest sense of the term. In addition to ships and landing-craft of the Royal Navy, personnel taking part included men of the 42 Commando, Royal Marines, and elements of the 10th Royal Hussars, the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Engineers. Air support was provided by aircraft of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, both in their offensive and in their transport roles.



THE BEGINNING OF THE ARDUOUS CLIMB UP THE FACE OF CULVER CLIFF: As the first assault party makes its way up the cliff in the Isle of Wight other men of the 42 Commando, Royal Marines, take up positions of all-round defence. This was the beginning of the demonstration of a cliff assault, part of the amphibious warfare display.

A SWALLOW DIVE FROM THE CLIFF-TOP: A Commando comes down the cliff in this style with the aid of a rope fixed to his body, and using one leg to balance.

EYES TRAINED ON THE CLIFF: Some of the Staff College students and foreign military observers who were attending the annual demonstration of amphibious warfare at Culver Cliff. Among those present at the sixth Exercise "Run Aground" was Major-General H. O. Romswinckel, Commandant of the Royal Netherlands Marines.

JUST PART OF THE NORMAL ROUTINE: Lance-Corporal Stanger spurns battledress as he comes down the cliff-face by rope, only making use of his legs.

ROPES WITH GRAPNELS ARE FIRED BY ROCKET : As soon as the assaulting Commandos have established their beach-head, rockets are used to throw ropes with grapnels at the ends up to the cliff-top. Every rope that anchors safely on the cliff-top can then be used to speed the scaling of the cliff-face. A second phase of "Run Aground VI" took place at Gosport, where a beach assault was made. In both phases the assaulting forces received full support from naval and R.A.F. aircraft.

ON THE WAY UP : The climbing rope tightens in the grip of the Royal Marine Commando as he makes his way up to the top of 250-ft. Culver Cliff carrying arms, ammunition, and light equipment.

EVACUATING CASUALTIES FROM THE CLIFF-FACE : A "casualty" on a Neill Robinson stretcher is lowered down the cliff-side on to the beach below. The evacuation of casualties by means of ropes and pulleys was an important part of the cliff assault demonstration in the Isle of Wight.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY RIDING THROUGH THE GREAT PARK AT WINDSOR : The Queen and the Duke are leading. Princess Margaret is galloping up from the left. Centre is Lady Pamela Mountbatten. The purpose of their ride was to inspect some of the jumps in the European Horse Trials, of which the Queen, the Duke and Princess Margaret, with the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and other members of the Royal Family, attended several sessions last week.

ROYAL RIDERS AT WINDSOR

The Queen Enjoys a Family Ride and Goes to Watch the European Horse Trials

THE ROYAL CHILDREN ARRIVE : Princess Anne, clad like her brother, the Duke of Cornwall, in jodhpurs, strides ahead of him from the car which brought them to watch the European Horse Trials at Windsor.

THE QUEEN AT THE EUROPEAN HORSE TRIALS : *Above*—She leaves in a jeep driven by the Duke of Edinburgh at the end of a day at the Trials. The Duke of Gloucester is behind the Duke of Edinburgh. *Below*—A happy picture of the Queen and her son in the Royal Box.

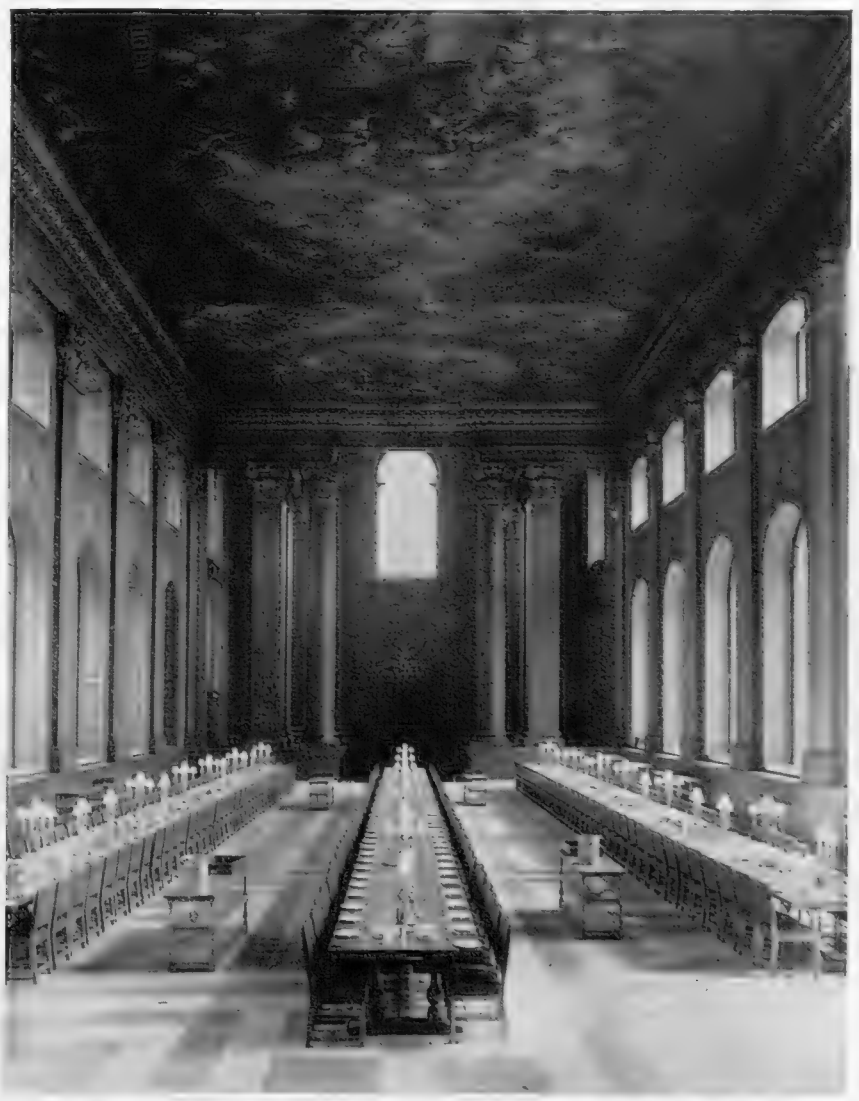
GREENWICH SPLENDOUR RESTORED

The Chapel of the Royal Naval College has been Restored and is Now Open to the Public

THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE AT GREENWICH: After redecoration it has been opened again to the public from this month until September. The original interior, designed by Wren, was destroyed by fire in 1779 and restored by James Stuart, the author of *The Antiquities of Athens*. The ceiling and some of the walls are of elaborate plasterwork.

THE PULPIT OF GREENWICH CHAPEL: It is believed to have been carved by shipwrights from the dockyards of Woolwich and Deptford. During the past months it has been repaired and cleaned. Originally it stood in the centre of the Chapel. Behind is the painting above the altar. It is by Benjamin West, the American who settled in this country and was famous at the beginning of the last century for his pictures of historical scenes. The theme of this altar-piece is St. Paul at Malta. The pillars on both sides of it are marble-work and were put in during the eighteenth-century restoration by "Athenian" Stuart. The Chapel was part of Greenwich Hospital which originally rose in the seventeenth century on the site of the Royal Palace of Greenwich, where Henry VIII, Mary I and Elizabeth I were born. The Hospital was a residence for aged seamen until 1873. It still retains its name, but is to-day the Royal Naval College for officers.

THE WEST END OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL: Below the organ loft and to the right of the door is a bust of Admiral Keats (d. 1834), a former Governor. On the left, partly hidden by a pillar, is the bust of another former Governor, Vice-Admiral Hardy, famous for his association with Nelson's death.



WHERE NELSON LAY IN STATE: After Trafalgar the body of the great sailor was brought to the magnificent Painted Hall of the Naval College. The ceiling was painted by Sir William Thornhill in the early eighteenth century and depicts allegorical scenes round William III and Mary. The Hall is now open to the public.

THE SEASON OPENS AT COWES

And the Royal Lymington Holds Its Races to Poole and Back

By UFFA FOX

On left—
THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB'S REGATTA : Vessels of the Swallow class racing towards the first turning buoy at Cowes. *Blithe Spirit* (E. J. K. Patten) is leading *Thurne* (Bruce Donald), *Migrant* (Hans E. Heyman), and *Hirondelle* (A. J. and D. H. Ireland).

THE opening regatta for the Solent and Southern area was held at the week-end, beginning Saturday May 7. Nowadays there are no races mid-week; all are held at the week-end, as almost everyone must work during the week in order to afford and enjoy their sailing at the end of it.

The days that led up to this first regatta came in with hard weather from the south-west. Liners delayed docking and sailing times for a lull in the wind, and trees and crops suffered great damage. Racers and race officers were concerned, the day before, that events might have to be cancelled.

At the same week-end the Royal Lymington Yacht Club had a race to Poole on the Saturday, with a return race from Poole to Lymington on the Sunday. Even the hardy ocean racers were worried about the seas they would encounter going out through the Needles, and about the strain this would put upon their vessels so early in the year. Yachts that have been hauled out for the winter dry out, and good skippers and crews do not like to drive their vessels hard in the early races, until their boats have swollen so that every plank is pressing tight against its neighbour; for only then is a vessel at her full strength. When the joints are slack most of the strains come on the fastenings only.

Saturday, May 7, came in with a strong wind. The Royal Lymington fleet of ocean racing entries numbered thirty-one, and an eager fleet manœuvred on the starting line for the first race of the year. Most yachts carried full mainsails but none their largest headsails.

With the starting-gun the fleet went away to windward at a good clip, and the spring ebb hurried them out through the narrow channel full of dangers, excitement, and beauty. For to the northward lay the shores of England, with the trap off Hurst Castle and the Shingle Bank, while to the south lay the Isle of Wight, Warder Ledge and the Needles rocks. And between these the racers dashed along, over and through the seas which, at the entrance to the Needles, were 12 ft. from crest to valley.

At the Needles *Marabu* led, with *Fresh Breeze* second; then came *Tilly Twin*, *Tasier V*, *Water Music* and *St. Barbara*.

Five of the fleet took the north passage, but this put them out of the race, as once outside the Needles most vessels could almost lay Poole Bar Buoy, while those taking the northern route had to beat every inch of the way.

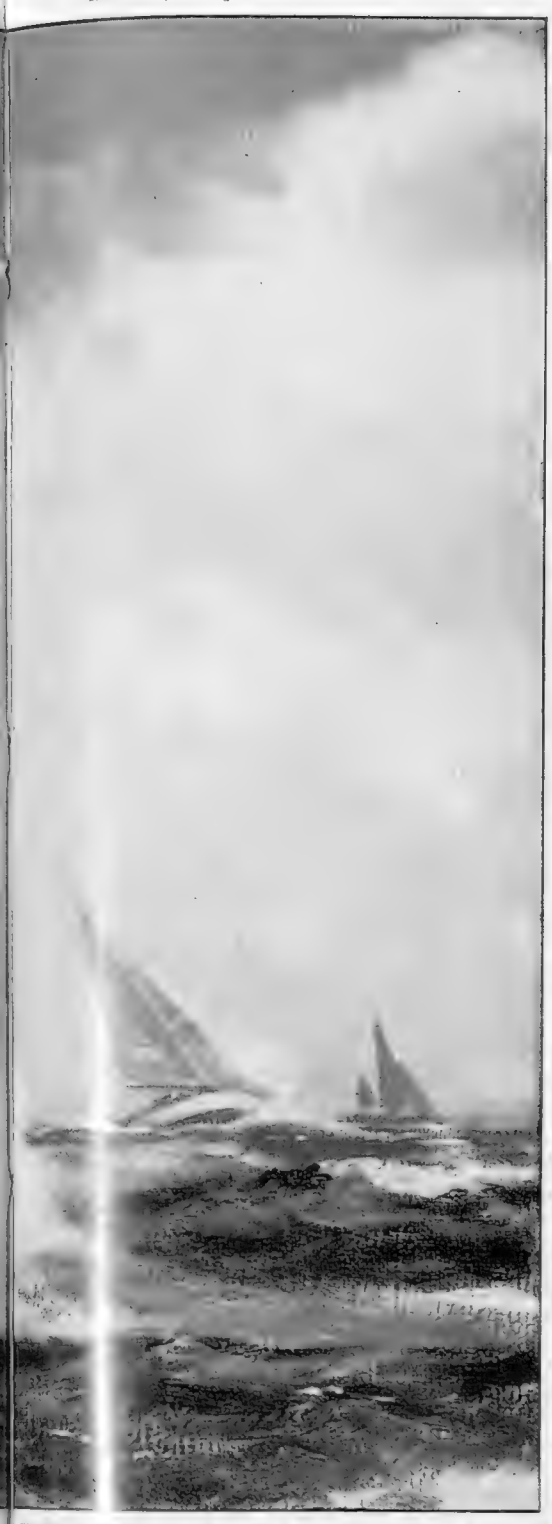
The final result of this manly race was: first, *Tasier V* (Group Captain Barton); second, *Fresh Breeze* (Uffa Fox); third, *Water Music* (A. V. and Mrs. Sainsbury).

On Sunday, May 8, the same fleet raced from Poole back to Lymington. This day, as the day before, came in with still a strong south-west wind, but all the fleet could lay out of Poole Harbour and then reach away for the Needles and Lymington, all of which made conditions easier for everyone. *Marabu* again led the fleet, with *Fresh Breeze* second to finish, and *St. Barbara* third, these three only taking some 2¼ hours to sail the 23-mile course, an average of 10 knots.

When the time allowances had been made, it was found that first was *Phizz* (F. P. Jackson); second *Tasier V* (Group Captain Barton); third, *Fresh Breeze* (Uffa Fox). So ended a delightful week-end's sailing for the cruiser races, an encouraging and exciting beginning to the new season.

Meanwhile, the regatta season opened with the Royal London Yacht Club at Cowes. As is often the case at the start of the season, the fleets were thin but the sport wonderful.

On the opening day *Windflower* (F. G. Mitchell) won the International One Design Race, with his son, Bud Mitchell, second in *Tadpole*, and Peto Bennet third in *Bombero*.



THROUGH THE NEEDLES CHANNEL ON THE WAY TO POOLE: The fleet of ocean racing vessels in the Royal Lymington Yacht Club's race to Poole. Extreme right is *Marabu*; then *Fresh Breeze*, *Cosette*, *Zillah*, and *Fizz*. At the Needles waves were 12 ft. high.

Above, right—

THE QUEEN'S YACHT WINS AT THE OPENING REGATTA: *Bluebottle* (H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh) made a perfect start on the second day and won the Dragon class race at the Royal London Yacht Club's regatta. The day before, she came third.

On right—

THE RACE FOR INTERNATIONAL ONE DESIGNS: *Windflower* (F. G. Mitchell), which won the race, is seen, extreme left, leading the fleet under the lee of the island before the yachts came to the rough water. Mr. Mitchell is Commodore of the Royal Corinthian.

Yolaine (Captain G. Eyston, J. Coles and Air Commodore J. Quinnell) was the only boat to finish in the 5.5-metre class. In the Dragon class *Rin-Jin* (Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham) came in first, with *Foil* (Philip Colville and Lord Worsley) second; while the Royal yacht *Bluebottle* (Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) finished third.

The Swallows have come to Cowes for the summer and they sent out the best fleet. *Blue Phantom*, sailed by the Glanville twins, was first; *Margo* (A. Wallace Barr, S. G. Fowler, and R. Backus) second; and *Hirondelle* (A. J. and D. H. Ireland) third.

Bintie (Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Downer) won the X One Design Class Race, and *Comrade* (Misses A. and S. Saunders) won in the second class.

On the second day, *Susie* (D. McCowen) won the International One Design Race, and *Sha Shav*, sailed by the Jardine twins, the 5.5-metre race. *Bluebottle* (Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) made a perfect start and won the Dragon Class Race. The Glanville twins again won the race for Swallows, and *Bintie* again won the race for the X class.

It was a really delightful opening week-end, one of hard, brave breezes and bright, heartening sunshine.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

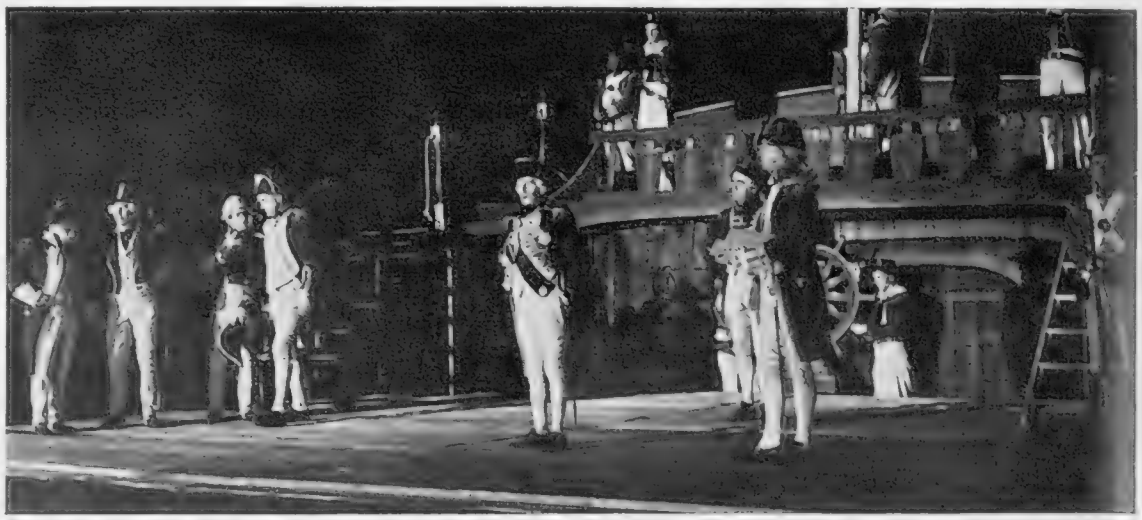
By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

Museum of English Rural Life.—After four years' preparation this youngest of our national museums was formally opened to the public at Reading on April 27 last. I attended the ceremony at Reading University, which has sponsored the whole project from the start, found the premises and the staff and, I understand, most of the initial money. Of course, a great deal more will be needed as time goes on, but I feel that an institution of this kind will not be allowed to suffer from lack of funds, for it is literally unique.

It is true that most provincial museums have collections relating to local life, but this is the first and only national museum devoted solely to the life of the English countryside, and it has been founded just in time. In another ten years it might be impossible to get together a representative collection of the things that country people used in the past for their daily life and work, or to tell exactly what they were all used for.

So far there are about 3,500 exhibits, which the Keeper, Mr. John Higgs, with the help of a small staff, has sorted and restored with expert skill. All the objects are recorded, photographed and described, and a small proportion of them are admirably displayed in five rooms at Whiteknights House, Reading. Anything of interest is accepted which bears upon farming, rural crafts, the household, and village life in general. To take an example : you see here a comprehensive display of blacksmith's implements together with some of his work, from horse and oxen shoes to delicate wrought iron of great beauty. In the same room are relics of the saddler, sawyer, and the lesser-known craftsmen, such as the brickmaker and clogger.

In the household room is a large open fireplace, equipped with some magnificent examples of cooking furniture, but besides this there is a whole range of domestic curiosities, notably a candle-block set about with four glass balls filled with water, which diffused sufficient light to enable four lace-makers to work round it. In the farming room I could only be thankful for modern inventions. What a labour it must have been threshing out corn with a flail, and how people could stand up to using a breast plough I cannot think. The countryman of even fifty years ago must have been very hardy and very patient. Since he subsisted largely on fat bacon and potatoes, very ill-cooked, with few greens or salads, I still don't see how it was done. Not even unlimited quantities of beer or cider would make up the defects of a thoroughly bad diet, but the fact is he worked a ten or twelve-hour day in all weathers, and until the 1880's (when the depression came) English agriculture was second to none.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR ON THE PLAYING FIELDS BESIDE THE RIVER AVON : A scene during the Bath May Festival when the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar was commemorated by a dramatisation of the event. Nelson is depicted on board a model of the *Victory* before the battle. The commentary was spoken by Jack Hawkins.

THE MUSEUM OF ENGLISH RURAL LIFE : *Left*—A reconstruction in the five-roomed museum at Whiteknights House, Reading, Berkshire, of an early nineteenth-century open hearth, and, *on right*, a corner of the crafts room showing part of the Blacksmith case. The museum, which was formally opened to the public late last month, contains about 3,500 exhibits.

No practical person minds about methods and customs going out of fashion—after all, invention is inevitable—but we do regret the loss of æsthetic beauty. There is no doubt that everything used in the country in the past was pleasing to look at, from the smallest pottle (slim rush baskets used for picking soft fruit) to the grandest farm wagon.

Many of our modern implements have a beauty of their own, especially the tractors, but much else that we use is a bad compromise between the hand-made and the machine-made. The standard of domestic design is at a very low ebb. Look in any village council house to-day and compare the furniture that you find there, or the tableware, or the kitchen utensils, with their counterparts in the cottage of a hundred years ago. If you go to Reading you will see what I mean.

Parish Council Elections.—Apart from the General Election this has also been the time for parish and rural district council elections, which come round every three years. In many parts of the country parish elections are a farce. Owing to expense, the one thing the small parishes want to avoid is an election. The cost of printing, of paying the returning officer, and of meeting various obscure legal obligations is so high that it may take a council its entire three years of tenure to meet it.

For example, where a penny rate produces £3 5s. and the limit you are allowed or want to levy is 4d., then by the time you have paid the clerk his annual fee of £5 and the postage, let alone anything else, there is not much left to square up an election bill of £20. The Parish Councils Association is pressing hard for lower charges and, perhaps, some system whereby the cost can be spread between parishes over a whole county, but progress is very slow.

What happens now is the negation of democracy. If there are six seats on a parish council, then six nominations are "arranged," no more no less. In that case only the nomination expenses have to be met, and they are quite high enough. How ridiculous it is that responsible people should be forced to adopt such a subterfuge. It merely brings the whole system into disrepute, and increases the apathy which the ordinary countryman feels towards local government.

Bath May Festival.—I was glad to see that the Bath Assembly, now called the Bath May Festival, was held again this year. After one or two lean seasons it is now in the hands of a well-known professional impresario, who arranged an excellent programme of opera, choral, orchestral and chamber music, mainly directed by Sir Thomas Beecham. There was also a dramatisation of the Battle of Trafalgar by the River Avon, which marked the first commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the battle. There were so many star virtuosi taking part in the music that it would be invidious to pick out one or two names.

Bath is for many people the most beautiful place in Britain. It was built in the best period of domestic architecture, a heritage which it has preserved largely intact, and it deserves, therefore, the best that the arts can give it. This has not been the case in the past. Before the war there was a small municipal orchestra of no particular merit, a rather mixed programme of visiting professional entertainments, and occasional amateur festivities. I remember well taking part in the 1920's, as a small boy, in *The Ballad of Bath Ghosts*, which was written and produced by Consuelo de Reyes. Miss de Reyes was a dynamic character of many talents, the power behind Citizen House, which might be described as a social settlement devoted to the arts, principally drama. *The Ballad* took place in the Pump Room, but most of the plays were performed in a small theatre on the first floor over a boot shop.

Among other things, we saw some of Laurence Housman's *Little Plays of St. Francis* there, and a Nativity play with music by Rutland Boughton. Much of this was above my head, and at least on one occasion my view of the stage was obscured by having to sit behind G. K. Chesterton, who had to have two seats to himself. None the less, it was an exciting vital enterprise that must not be forgotten in the history of English provincial theatre. Unfortunately, it was but indifferently supported by local people, and after many years' gallant struggle it faded away into a cinema showing good foreign films, and an organisation for hiring out period costumes.

The trouble was, and is now, that very few provincial towns seem willing (not able, because they are perfectly able) to give adequate support to the living arts, whether they are practised by local people or by outside professionals. Far larger places than Bath are guilty of this failing. But it just happens that Bath is an architectural prize of which we are proud as a nation, and so it is really more important than a provincial town of similar rating would wish to be. It has less than 100,000 inhabitants, good shops and restaurants, some fine houses and schools, a few industries, a market, and so on ; but all that does not meet the requirements of a small metropolis. There lies the kernel of the whole problem.

Bath was built for the benefit of visitors in the eighteenth century, who came—nominally, at least—to take the waters. Under Beau Nash it became a centre of elegance and fashion, a miniature London, and this is a role which has bedevilled it ever since. It seems logical then to import, as in this May Festival, metropolitan entertainments, and to re-create for a short time the culture of a metropolis. Bath must take its place in our Festival season along with Edinburgh and Stratford.

Kill or Cure ?—To end on a more bucolic note. I was given this prescription by a friend, who does not necessarily recommend it, nor do I to you.

"*For the rheumatism :* Take one pint of Best Gin, three penny-worth of Laudanum, a stick of Horse Radish. Cut the Horse Radish into slices and put into a bottle with the Gin and Laudanum, and let it stand by the fire for 12 hours. Then take a wine glass full morning, noon and night, and keep yourself warm."

This seems an unnecessary precaution !

THE PINTO COLLECTION OF WOODEN BYGONES : This display, which includes knitting sheaths, wool-winders and lace bobbins, forms part of the exhibition of 4,000 domestic, farm and trade objects of wood, made and used during the past 400 years, at Oxhey Woods House, near Northwood, Middlesex. The exhibition is open (until October 9) on Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday from 2 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. It will also be open on Bank Holidays.

THE RURAL SCENE

Horses in Use in Scotland and Gloucestershire ; Gipsies in Trouble ; Stow-on-the-Wold's Ancient May Horse Fair

On left—

THERE ARE STILL MANY TASKS FOR HORSES IN FORESTRY WORK : This picture shows two horses being used in preference to mechanised vehicles on the Fordel Estate, near Donibristle, Fifeshire. They are transporting timber from one part of the estate to another. On this particular part of the estate there is only a narrow entrance, and the land, where the timber operations are taking place, falls away sharply, but the team of horses can manœuvre without difficulty.

Below—

THE HORSE STILL HAS HIS PLACE ON THE FARM, TOO : In many places he is used for tasks for which machines have been found impracticable. Here, a horse is being used for drilling fodder beet on Colonel R. Henrique's farm at Winson, Gloucestershire. The implement being used drills four lines, instead of the five drawn by tractor drill.

THE GIPSIES WERE PREPARED TO DEFEND THEIR HOMES : They lived in their camp close to the Lime Trees Housing Estate, on the edge of London's Northolt Airfield, and came up against local tenants who wanted them to move on quickly and permanently. The local tenants called a residents' meeting and decided that a deputation should be sent to the gipsy encampment to lodge an ultimatum. The Ealing Borough sanitary engineer, a police superintendent and inspector joined the deputation and they all went up the hill to meet the gipsies, who were angry at the action. Although it appeared that most of the gipsies were leaving the next morning the residents wanted more. "We want you," their leader said, "to go and stay away." It was apparent that the gipsies were prepared to defend their homes, but the police stood by and the meeting was concluded in quieter tones.

BUYERS FROM MANY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY ASSEMBLE AT STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE, FOR THE ANCIENT MAY HORSE FAIR : Prospective buyers and sightseers gather round the sale ring during the auction of farm horses and ponies at the annual fair in this Cotswold market town. *On left*—One of the novel features of this ancient fair is the display of farming tools and equipment. They are laid out for inspection along the roadside verges and include, among other things, almost all the small items required on the farm.

OVER, ON, AND UNDER THE LAND

RECENT MECHANICAL AND ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENT IN FOUR COUNTRIES

A NEW MEANS OF TRANSPORT OVER ROUGH COUNTRY—THE TERACRUZER IS PUT THROUGH ITS PACES : The new American experimental cargo and personnel carrier is seen riding smoothly over bumpy land during a test run at Clintonville, Wisconsin. The two main features of the vehicles are the barrel-like low-pressure tyres and the adjustable cradles in which they are mounted.

SWALLOWING THE BUMPS : A picture showing how the low-pressure Goodyear Rolligon tyres iron out rough surfaces, allowing the truck to remain on an even keel and a higher speed to be maintained.

THE SPACIOUS DRIVER'S CAB AND SPECIAL WINDSCREEN : The cab is over 9 ft. wide and 8 ft. long and provides room for four crew members. The slanting windscreen prevents excessive sun glare.

Although the caterpillar track, a fairly modern variation on the wheel, is, in many ways, suited to rough ground, it has drawbacks. It does not successfully iron out all types of irregularities on the surface, and can cause much damage when used on ordinary roadways. The Teracruzer, built by the Four Wheel Drive Auto Company for possible use by the armed services, is claimed to glide smoothly over any type of rough surface, including marshy ground, snow and sand.

The soft, flat tyre bags, and the "controlled walking beams" in which they are mounted, are the secrets of this machine. Because the tyres present such a large area to the ground they can be inflated at a very low pressure—from 3 to 5 lb. per sq. in., instead of the normal 20. This enables them to retain their roundness on flat ground but to swallow any small, sudden irregularities which may be encountered. There are eight of these tyres mounted in pairs. The "walking beams" take care of the larger irregularities such as those which may be met on undulating ground. Indicators and control valves inside the cab enable the driver to tilt the fore and aft cradles ten degrees either way. Other controls allow him to inflate or deflate the tyres while on the move to suit the terrain over which he is passing.

Driven by an 8-cylinder 340-h.p. Continental engine, the Teracruzer has a top speed of 25 m.p.h. on level surfaces. The drive is transmitted to the wheels externally and not by the usual transmission system. Each of the eight tyres is driven by six rubber-coated tubular steel rollers machined to match the surface pattern of the tyres. This provides a rubber gear instead of a simple friction drive.

A driver and an observer-navigator, whose equipment includes the dome-shaped "bubble" on the top, are the only crew needed to operate the truck, but there is accommodation for four men so that the vehicle can be operated on a "round the clock" basis. The cab is completely "winterised" for use in Arctic areas and a heater keeps both the crew compartment and the engine warm. The load-carrying compartment at the rear is, for experimental purposes, of open stake design but can easily be adapted for varying roles. Depending on the type of load compartment fitted, the carrying capacity is from 7 to 10 tons.

Test results so far have been promising and there is every possibility that the Teracruzer will be accepted for use in the armed services, as planned.

BUILDING A ROADWAY AND RAILWAY TUNNEL UNDER THE DUTCH NORTH SEA CANAL : Some of the bridges which are, at present, the only way across the canal, and which are becoming a hazard to shipping. *On right*—The railroad tunnel can be seen under construction in the foreground, while beyond it is the road-carrying tunnel. The tunnels under the North Sea Canal, the important artery which connects Amsterdam with the North Sea and the Rhine inland navigation network, were planned before the war and work started in 1941. This was stopped at the order of the occupying Germans. The increase of traffic, caused by the growth of industry in the area, has now made the tunnel imperative and work is proceeding apace. When completed the roadway tunnel will be 2,520 ft. long. The project has been designed and work supervised by the Netherlands Rijkswaterstaat.

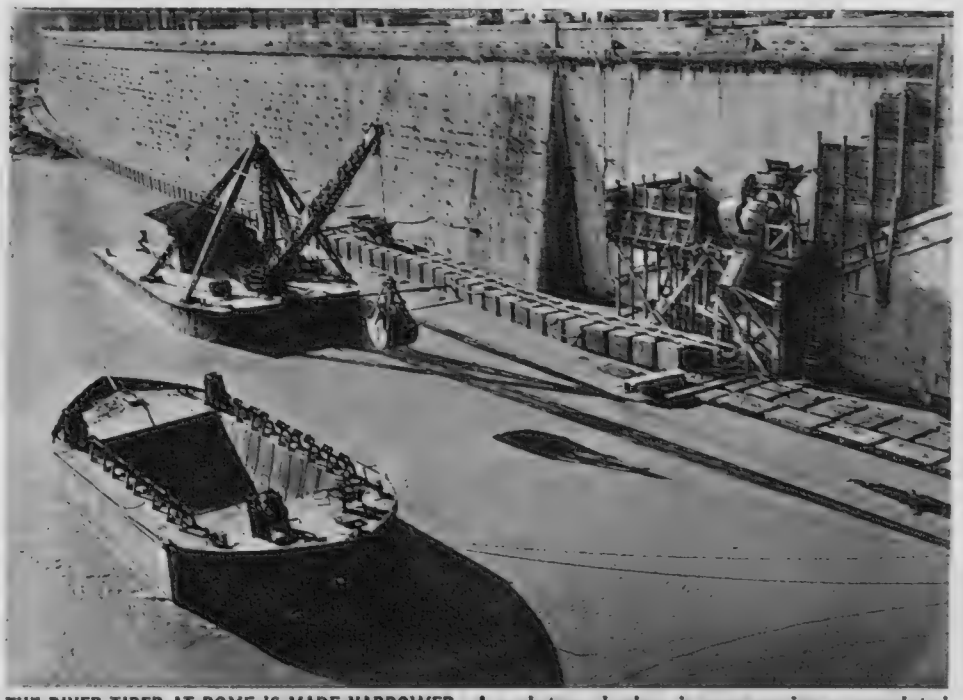
THE LAST TRAIN RUNS ON THE THIRD AVENUE "EL" IN MANHATTAN : This is a driver's view of the track of the famous elevated railway as seen from the 42nd Street station. The famous Third Street elevated railway has been in use for over three-quarters of a century.

A TECHNICAL HITCH ON AN INAUGURAL RUN : An engineer is seen perched perilously on top of a new cable-car at San Francisco which broke down during its maiden trip. San Francisco has long been famed for its cable railways and a car of new design, which is to ply the 100-ft. journey between Cliff House and Lobos Point, was heralded with great publicity. As is usual, the inaugural trip was held for press men. No sooner had the car travelled out of reach of the station than there was a jerk and motion stopped. Inside the car the press men swung sickeningly at the whims of a fresh sea breeze while an engineer clambered outside to untangle the cable causing the hold up.

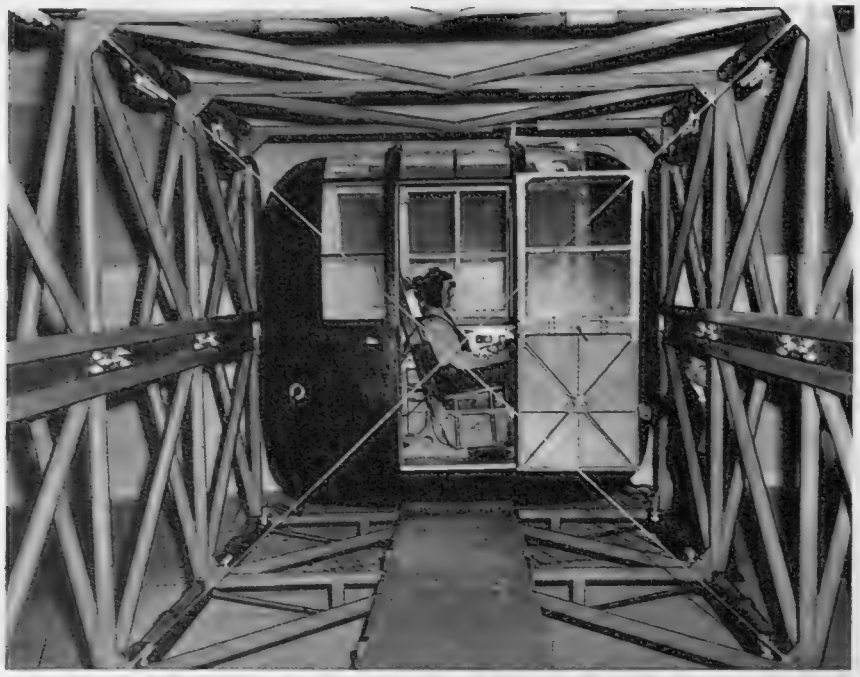
ONE OF THE LAST TRAINS ON THE "EL" : In the background is the spire of the Chrysler building. The last train carried 800 passengers in five cars.

When the elevated railway was built in 1878 it had as competition horse-drawn carriages and horse trains. The advent of an underground railway was delayed by protests from property owners that their buildings would collapse, and for many years the "El" had things its own way. Now, however, there are underground railways and the horse-drawn vehicles have given way to buses and cars. Recently the elevated, which was using cars which were fifty years old and had no automatic means of signalling, had been running at a loss of some £18,000 a week. The Third Avenue "El" was one of four railway lines which operated roughly north and south along Second, Third, Sixth and Ninth Avenues. In its heyday it was regarded as one of the engineering wonders of the world and a New York showpiece. The Manhattan section only has been closed ; the "El" will continue to operate in the Bronx.

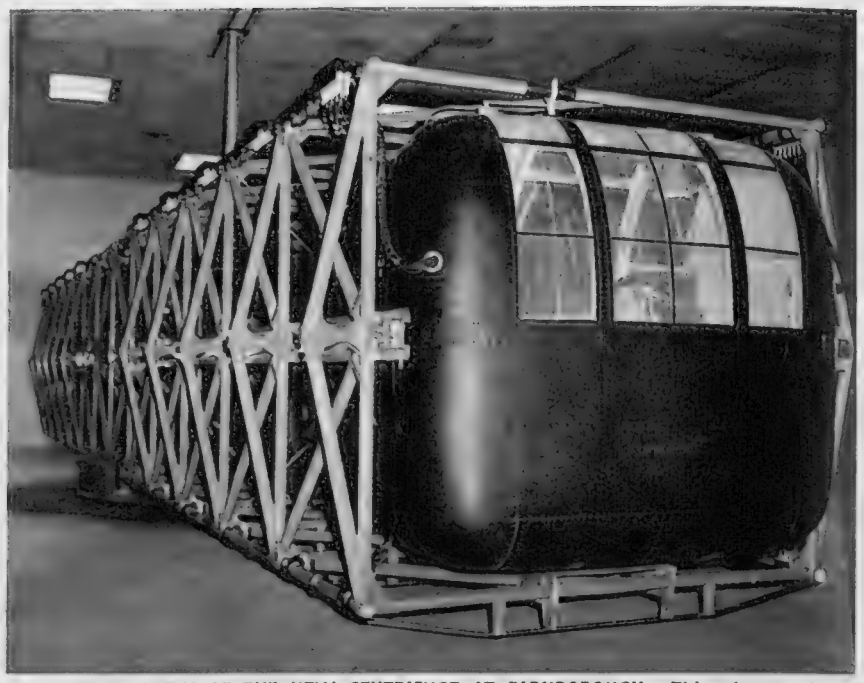
A BRITISH-DESIGNED MOBILE SPRAYING UNIT FOR USE IN BORNEO OILFIELDS : The spraying lorry, designed and constructed by E. Allam and Co. Ltd., in collaboration with engineers of the Shell Petroleum Company, is seen with its telescopic arm fully extended. At the end of each section of the arm is a special wide-angle spraying jet, each of which can be separately controlled by the driver of the truck. With all three jets working, the spraying width is 72 ft. When not in use the arm is retracted and stowed alongside the truck. Weighing only 4 cwt., the arm is built in three 15-ft. sections, and when extended can be raised to pass over any obstructions. The vehicle is designed for use against vegetation encroaching on oil pipelines in the Seria oilfield in British Borneo.



THE RIVER TIBER AT ROME IS MADE NARROWER : A grab-type dredger is seen moving accumulated silt from the side of the river into the barge, which deposits it in midstream to be carried away by the current. On the right of the picture concrete blocks are being made and laid at the foot of the embankment to narrow the river. This step has been taken by the Italian Government in an attempt to reduce the amount of silt which accumulates at the edges of the river. For the greater part of the year the water is fairly low, and it is during this time that great amounts of sediment deposited near the embankment remain above water for prolonged periods. The piles of silt soon become covered with weeds, and the pools of water thus caused are ideal breeding-grounds for mosquitoes. By building the pavement of concrete blocks it is hoped that most of the silt will be carried downstream.



A ROUNDABOUT WAY TO SAFETY IN THE AIR : Looking along the inside of one of the arms of the new centrifuge which was inaugurated at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, Farnborough, last week. The gondola seen here is whirled around until centrifugal force imposes the "g" strain felt by pilots when manœuvring.



THE OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE NEW CENTRIFUGE AT FARNBOROUGH : This picture shows one of the two gondolas in which subjects are placed for observation. There is a similar car at the other end of the arm. When running at speed the cars, which are pivoted, swing outwards like chairs on a merry-go-round.

A CENTRIFUGE AT FARNBOROUGH

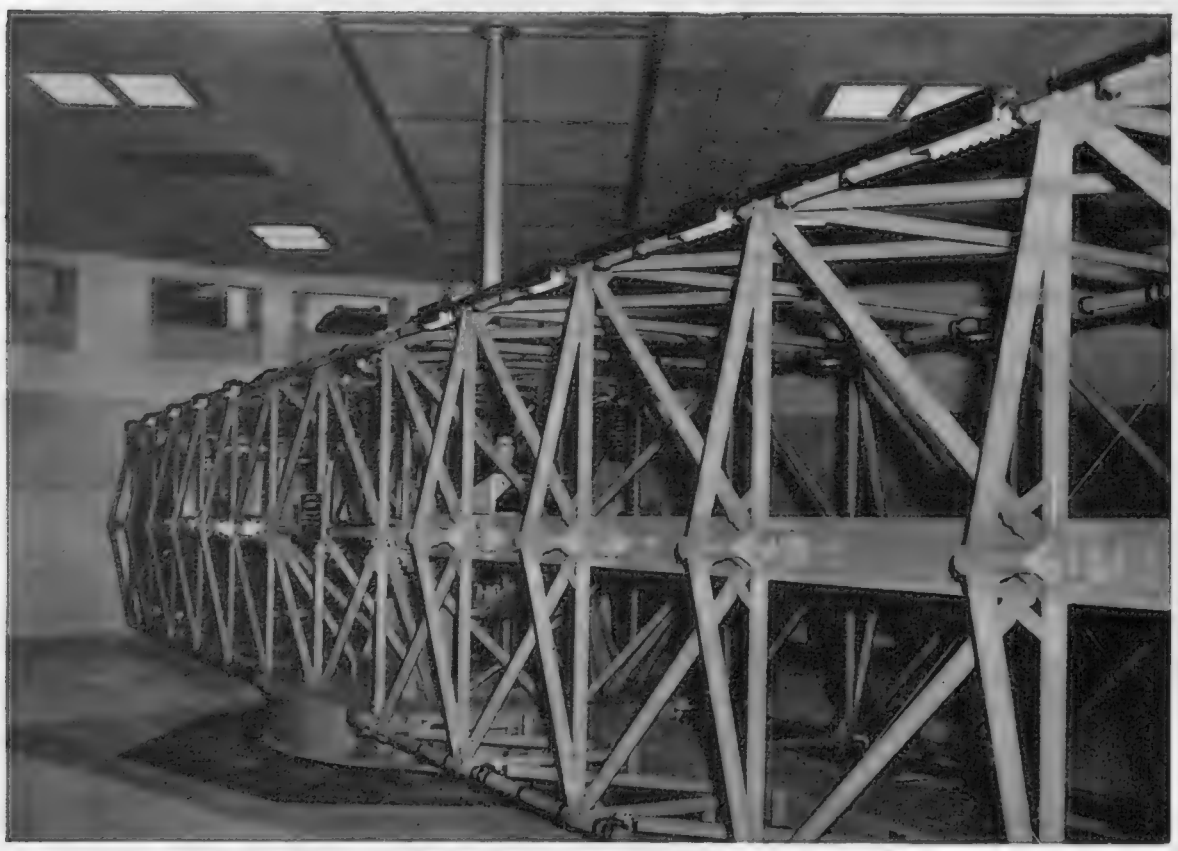
Britain's First Centrifuge Capable of Testing Human Subjects in the Interests of Safety of Aircrew and Equipment

Before the inauguration of the centrifuge shown on this page, all tests carried out by the Institute of Aviation Medicine on the effect of "g" forces on the human body were carried out by means of actual flying tests. This had several drawbacks. In the first place, the stresses imposed could not be predetermined to a great degree of accuracy, and, what is more important, the pilot conducting the tests could reach the limit of his endurance and crash. The new centrifuge offers great scope for the conduct of new basic research and the development of equipment which will increase the safety of aircrews.

The centrifuge consists basically of two gondolas placed at the ends of an arm, which is 62 ft. long and pivoted about the centre. The gondolas can be rotated at speeds of up to 115 m.p.h., and at this velocity an acceleration of 30g is experienced. This is far beyond the limit of human endurance, but will enable equipment designed for high-speed manœuvrable guided missiles to be tested. When carrying a human passenger, the force is restricted to 10g, unless the subject should be in a prone or supine position, when forces of up to 15g might be imposed. The pilot who is undergoing a test reports his sensations over a telephone to the centrally-placed observer, who can pass the information on to the control room. But for greater accuracy the reactions of pulse, respiration rates, blood pressure, heart and brain are recorded by means of electrodes attached to the pilot's body and head.

On right—

ALL SET FOR PUNISHMENT : Flying Officer James Fitzsimons, a National Service doctor attached to the Institute, is seated in the car of the centrifuge. The lower part of his body is encased in a "g" suit. The tangle of wires coming from the band around his head transmit his reactions to a central recording room.



THE CENTRIFUGE, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CENTRAL "OBSERVER" : He can be seen seated at the centre of the apparatus. The observer is in contact with the man in the gondola. In the event of an emergency, the centrifuge can be stopped from the control room, from the central position or by the subject under test.

THE RECORDING ROOM : Mr. G. Byford is watching a chart of the brain reactions of a subject under test. *Below*—The control room overlooking the centrifuge. On the right is Mr. R. G. Williams, the Controller, with his assistant, Mr. F. A. Seymour.

THE HISTORIC GLEN WHICH WILL MAKE A VITAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE MODERN SCOTLAND: The towers of the two 10-ton aerial cableways dominate the scene at the construction site of the main dam in the Glen Shira project. To the left the buttresses of the dam run across the valley; on the edge of the lower reservoir on the right can be seen the framework of the Sron Mor power station. In the distance is the lower dam, at the head of the magnificent, historic Glen.

BUILDING THE BUTTRESSES OF THE MAIN DAM: Some of the thirty-seven buttresses of the dam, which is 2,250 ft. long, and which will rise 130 ft. above the river bed. On the left is the pipe which will carry water discharged from the main storage loch to the Sron Mor power station, whose capacity will be 5,000 kilowatts.

ELECTRICITY FROM GLEN SHIRA

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's £7,000,000 Project in the Heart of Argyllshire's Historic Countryside is Due to be Opened To-day

TO-DAY, May 28, Mrs. Duncan McCallum is due to open one of the most extensive hydro-electric projects yet started by the North of Scotland Board. The new £7,000,000 power stations which are being inaugurated in Glen Shira, near Inveraray, Argyllshire, are expected to produce an average of 80,000,000 units of electricity annually for homes and factories in Kintyre, Cowal, Bute, Oban and mid-Argyll. The considerable surplus after these local areas have been served will go to the Central Scotland Grid which the South Scotland Electricity Board took over last month.

This is an important step in the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's plan to harness the water resources of the Highlands to meet the growing power demands of the country. And it is remarkable how, as in other of the Board's schemes, the scenery and the history of the countryside in which the Glen Shira project is situated match in grandeur and excitement the engineering feats performed in its construction and the potentialities of electric power which are being unleashed.

Ever since the Campbells of Loch Awe came south to build their castle at Inverary in the fourteenth century, Glen Shira and the surrounding countryside have had a place in Scotland's history. In the seventeenth century the area was pillaged by Montrose. In the eighteenth Rob Roy lived at a point where the Brannie Burn and the River Shira meet. In 1752, within the Inverary office of the Argyll Estates, James Stewart of the Glens was tried and convicted of the Appin murder of Campbell of Glenure. At that time the Glen could muster between two and three hundred men.

During the sixteenth century the McNaughton clan lived with the Campbells in the Glen, and a grassy knoll marks the site of their castle just opposite what is now

(*Continued on following pages*)

AT THE LOWER RESERVOIR : To the left of the virtually completed reservoir is the valve tower ; beyond lie Glen Shira and Loch Fyne.

On left—
THE SKELETON OF THE SRON MOR GENERATING STATION : This station, which will use water passing from the main loch into the lower reservoir, will incorporate the Hydro Board's first pump storage station, which prevents unnecessary overflow.

On right—
THE CLACHAN SWITCH-HOUSE AND POWER STATION : It stands at the other end of the 4-mile tunnel from Glen Shira, at the head of Loch Fyne, and below Clachan Hill. On the right is seen the tail-race which discharges the water into Loch Fyne.

ELECTRICITY COMES TO THE ROYAL BURGH OF INVERARAY : The 500 inhabitants of this town make full use of newly-supplied electricity whether in the quiet back streets or in the main roads. Television aerials on the roof-tops and electric light standards are evidence of the town's "new look."

THE COUNTRYSIDE ALSO REAPS THE BENEFITS OF THE HYDRO BOARD'S SCHEMES : This lonely shepherd's cottage in Glen Fyne, not far from the Glen Shira scheme, can now boast an electric lamp even over its front door.

ELECTRICITY FROM GLEN SHIRA

(*Continued from previous page*)

Engineer's office. The McNaughtons left the glen after an outbreak of plague and built a new seat at Dunderave. This is the castle—"Doom Castle" of Neil Munro's novel—which stands on the shores of Loch Fyne between Clachan power station and the entry to the new road.

The history of Glen Shira is not, of course, confined to past centuries, and in its most recent story it is worth recording that the district was the training head-quarters of Combined Operations during the last war. Some of the 600 workmen engaged in the project to-day are housed in part of a Combined Operations camp.

Under the massive shoulder of Clachan Hill, at the head of Loch Fyne, stands the Clachan switch-house and control room. The building is of native stone, and is a striking example of the Hydro Board's policy of using local stone wherever possible, as it merges happily with the surrounding countryside as well as encouraging the employment of local stonemasons. The building is designed by Mr. Robert Hurd, the architect who is also responsible for the restorations which are being carried out in Edinburgh's Royal Mile.

Clachan power station contains the largest machine so far built for the Hydro Board. It is a Francis-type turbine driving an alternator of 40,000 kilowatts. It was built at Scotstoun, Glasgow, by Messrs. Harland and Wolff for the English Electric Company. The total weight of the turbine equipment is 162 tons, and of the alternator 303 tons. From the dam to the turbine there is a fall of 965 ft., which is the third highest "head" of any of the Board's scheme, being exceeded only by those at Lawers and Loch Sloy.

The Glen Shira project is, in fact, a scheme in two stages. There is an upper, or main reservoir, which is created by a dam at Sron Mor, in Upper Glen Shira, 1,100 ft. above sea-level. Here the average annual rain-fall is approximately 105 ins. This is a round-head buttress-type of dam, 2,500 ft. long with a maximum height of 130 ft. above the river bed. The dam comprises thirty-seven buttresses, with gravity sections at either end, and involves the placing of 260,000 cu. yards of concrete by two 10-ton aerial cableways.

The dam draws water from the River Shira, its tributary, the Allt-an-t-sithein, and the headwaters of the Rivers Fyne and Allt-an-Stacain. There is a storage capacity of 750,000,000 cu. ft. of water, equivalent to 15,000,000 units of electricity in reserve. The water discharged from this main storage loch will pass through a small power station, with an installed capacity of 5,000 kilowatts, situated beside the lower reservoir. This station has been designed to operate as a reversible pumping station, which enables water collected into the lower reservoir from its own catchment, and such streams as the Brannie and Kilblaan, to be pumped up to the main reservoir for storage.

From the small power station the water discharges into a subsidiary loch, 130 ft. further down, situated about half a mile downstream, where a rocky knoll stands in the middle of the glen. The dam is built in two sections, one on each side of the knoll. One part is of concrete, 58 ft. high by 435 ft. long ; the other is an earth bank, 40 ft. high by 600 ft. long.

THE NEW MONARCH OF THE GLEN : An electric cable post dominates Glen Shira, symbolic of a new era in Highland history. Beyond the Glen, in the distance, is Loch Fyne.

ELECTRICITY COMES TO ROB ROY'S COUNTRY—AND WITH IT NEW ROADS : Fifteen miles of access and service roads were constructed by the Hydro Board to serve the Glen Shira scheme. Here the road zigzags down the lovely glen to Loch Fyne, seen in the distance, as it crosses the Brannie Burn, where Rob Roy once lived.

On right—

"DOOM CASTLE" : Dunderave Castle, on the shores of Loch Fyne, was built by the McNaughtons, who shared the Glen with the Campbells in the sixteenth century.

Below—

THE POWER LINES RUN DOWN TO INVERARAY CASTLE : The seat of the Duke of Argyll, Chief of Clan Campbell, Inveraray Castle has only recently been supplied with outside electric power. Behind the castle is Loch Fyne, with the peaks of Ben Vorlich, Ben Vane, and Ben Ime rising beyond it.

To reach these dams, a new road, 12 ft. wide, with passing places, has been built. For about nine miles the road winds up from the Glasgow–Inveraray road, past Dubh Loch, to the main dam. From the new road to the dam branches a further six miles of new access roads, leading to tunnel works and various diversion aqueducts.

The water is brought from the main gate behind the smaller dam through a 4½-mile tunnel and pipeline to the Clachan generating station. At one point, before passing below Beinn Bhuidhe, the lined tunnel gives way, first to a reinforced-concrete aqueduct, 1,481 ft. long, and then to a steel pipe, 10 ft. in diameter and 187 ft. long. Emerging from beneath this hill the tunnel becomes yet another steel pipe, this time 335 ft. long, until it again passes below ground into Clachan Hill and finally reaches the surge gallery, 835 ft. above sea-level.

The final stage of the tunnel takes the form of an inclined pressure shaft descending from the surge gallery to the generating station. It is 2,100 ft. long, has a maximum slope of 1 in 1¼, is steel lined, and has an internal diameter of 8 ft. progressively reduced to 6 ft. It is the first of its kind in Britain.

LONDON FAMILIES

The Pooters' Wartime Heroes and Life in London's Suburbia

George and Weedon Grossmith's immortal *The Diary of a Nobody* certainly ranks high in the list of minor classics. The adaptation for the stage of six chapters is by Basil Dean and Richard Blake. The play was first seen at the London Arts Theatre last year, but considerable changes have been made in the cast for the current production at the Duchess Theatre.

Leslie Henson and Hermione Baddeley are Mr. and Mrs. Pooter and they give much of the fun as the heads of their lower middle-class family. Many of the book's best passages are brought to the stage. The lugubrious Cummings sings his comic song, fat Mr. Gowing suggests his game of "cutlets," Lillie Girl sings in French, Fosselton does his famous impersonation of Irving in *The Bells*, and Peters, the waiter, suffers from sore feet.

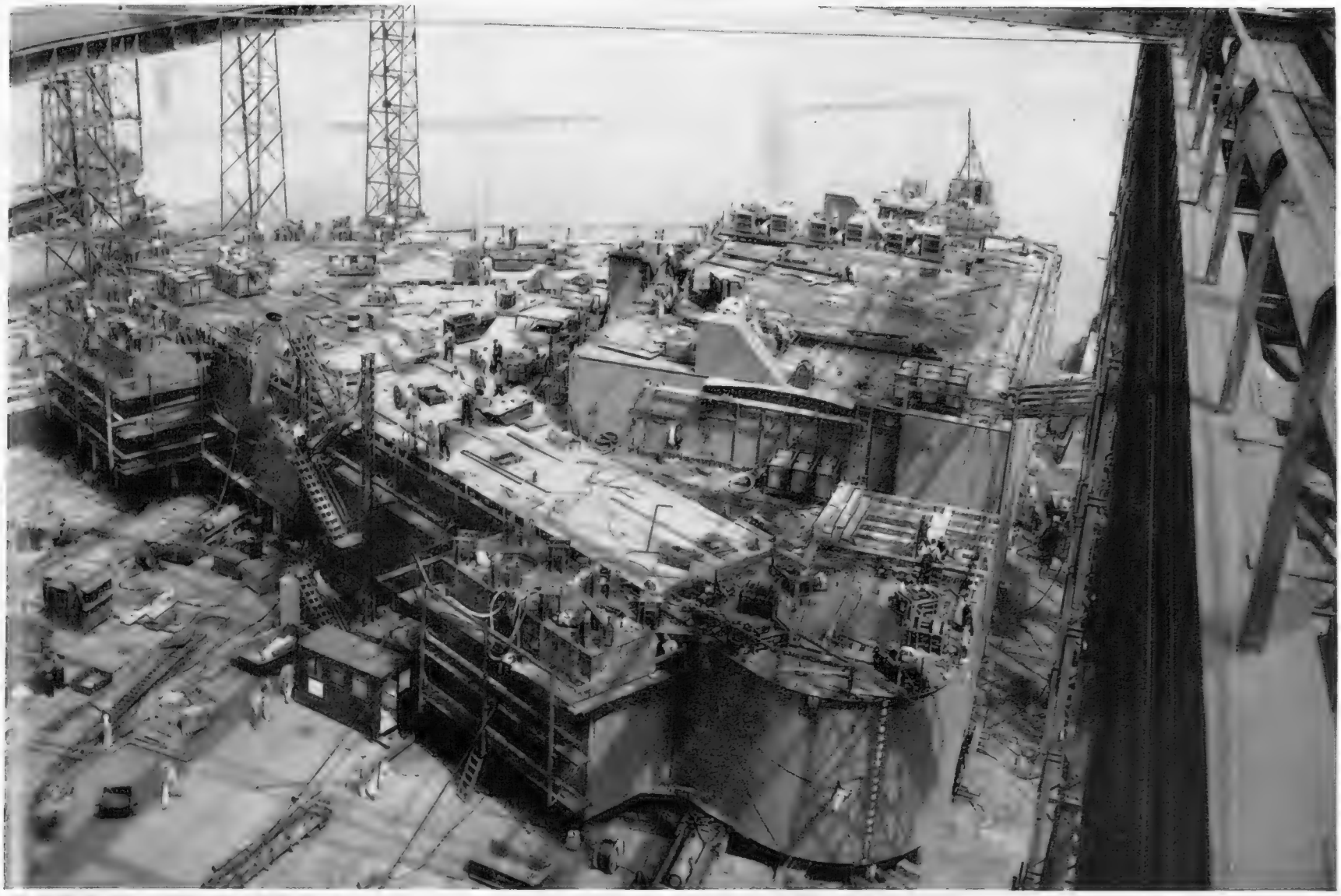
"THE DIARY OF A NOBODY": From the left are—Alan MacNaughtan as Burwin Fosselton; Helen Christie (Mrs. James, of Sutton); Richard Hart (Frank Mutlar); Rosemarie Hill (Lillie Girl); Hermione Baddeley (Mrs. Pooter); Leslie Henson (Mr. Pooter); Erik Chitty (Peters); Edna Petrie (Sarah); Willoughby Goddard (Gowing); and Meadows White (Mr. Padge).

***On left*—MOUSTACHES IN COMPETITION: In Pat Hollender's *The Lost Generation*, at the Royal Theatre, Brighton, this week are (from left) John Stuart, Leslie Phillips and Elsie Randolph.** The play is Miss Pat Hollender's tribute to "The Few" of the Battle of Britain. *The Lost Generation* comes to the Garrick Theatre next month.

***On right*—ONE OF "THE FEW" AND HIS MOTHER: Brian Nissen is an R.A.F. pilot and Nora Swinburne his mother in *The Lost Generation*.** The action takes place in the London flat of the pilot's parents.

"TWENTY MINUTES SOUTH": The second act of the new musical at the Players' Theatre in London opens with "You're My Sunday Girl." From left to right are—Valerie Swinnaird, Jack Manuel, Louie Ramsay, Josephine Gordon, Kenneth Luckman and Brian Blades. Music is by Peter Greenwell and book by Maurice Browning.

A MUSICAL COMEDY SET IN SUBURBIA: The dancing of the Mamba concludes the first act of the musical *Twenty Minutes South*. In front (left) is Brian Blades; centre is Margaret Burton; Louie Ramsay is being held up behind her and sitting extreme right is Natalie Kent. The play has its title because the imaginary suburb in which it is set—Addison Park—is twenty minutes south of London. The plot centres round the household of a suburban family with whom a country cousin, played by Margaret Burton, comes to stay and look for a job in London. Her presence disrupts the family. Many aspects of suburban life are portrayed, including a local dance at which the Mamba is performed.



OFF-SHORE RADAR TOWERS ARE ADDED TO AMERICA'S COASTAL WARNING SYSTEM: The huge triangular steel platform seen in this picture will be towed into the site off Georges Bank, about 110 miles east of Cape Cod, and placed upon steel caissons. It will form part of the radar network around the United States.

On right—

ONE OF THE GREAT STEEL CAISSONS WHICH WILL SUPPORT THE RADAR TOWER: This is 10 ft. in diameter and 200 ft. in length. The caissons will place the tower 87 ft. above sea-level. Above will be three large radomes containing detection equipment.

DEFENDING AMERICA

The Coastal Radar Network and Guided Missile Sites which are Safeguards Against Air Attack

Not until some four years ago was the theory that Russia would some day be able to deliver atomic weapons over densely populated areas of the United States taken seriously. Now it is known that Russia has long-range jet bombers in production and the American haste in preparing a defence scheme appears justified.

Throwing a coastal radar network around a land mass the size of the United States and Canada is no easy matter, but gradually the chain of stations is nearing completion. U.S. Naval picket ships are now in service patrolling long lengths of the coast and, night and day, the converted Super Constellations, bulging ominously with 6 tons of radar equipment, drone along both Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Now comes news of the radar towers which are to fill in some of the many gaps which still remain in the network. The arctic areas are receiving special attention. There is a radar chain stretching from Alaska to Baffin Bay (the Distant Early Warning line), which is operated by Americans, although, under an agreement, Canada may take over these stations.

When the network is complete, America will have advance warning of any air attack upon her shores. She also has fighter aircraft capable of attacking the approaching armada in good time. But nobody is optimistic enough to expect that the interceptors will prevent the attack.

It is then that the Nike guided missile takes over. At the moment some twenty "vital areas" are protected by a ring of rocket sites, and the number is steadily increasing. The Nike can be launched when the enemy is some thirty miles away, and with the help of an "electronic brain," track down the target and make a kill. The Nike is claimed to be effective against supersonic bombers and has a ceiling higher than any known normal aeroplane.

When this defence system is completed it is hoped that America will have some two hours' warning of enemy attacks. At the present, fifteen minutes is all that can be hoped for.

On left—

BOMBERS BEWARE—PART OF THE ROCKET DEFENCE WHICH IS TO BE PLACED AROUND ALL VULNERABLE AREAS IN THE U.S.A.: This battery of Nikes, rocket-propelled guided anti-aircraft weapons, is on a site near Lorton, in Virginia.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AT A DINNER IN THE PAINTED HALL OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE: From left to right in this picture are Lady Russell, the wife of Admiral Sir Guy Russell; Mr. Hagglof, the Swedish Ambassador; Lady Mountbatten, King Gustav of Sweden, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty; Queen Louise, Admiral Lord Mountbatten, and Madame Hagglof. The dinner was given in honour of the King of Sweden by the Board of Admiralty. The Royal party were to have travelled to Greenwich along the Thames, but "unseasonable weather" caused this trip to be cancelled.

The Home News in Pictures

A ROYAL OCCASION AT GREENWICH

AND OTHER RECENT EVENTS IN LONDON AND THE COUNTIES

PRELIMINARY WORK ON THE NEW CONWAY ROAD BRIDGE: In the background is the old suspension bridge built by Telford in 1826. The new bridge, which will be completed in about two years, will have a single span and has been designed specially to harmonise with Conway Castle. The contract, valued at £430,700, has been awarded by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation to Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd., of Glasgow. When the new bridge is completed and in use it will remove the bottleneck in the Chester-Bangor road caused by the suspension bridge.

THE COMMISSIONER FOR THE FEDERATION OF THE WESTERN REGION OF NIGERIA HOLDS A DINNER-PARTY: Chief M. E. R. Okorodudu, the Commissioner, and Mrs. Okorodudu are seen greeting Sir James Robertson, the newly-appointed Governor-General of the Federation, and Lady Robertson at the Hyde Park Hotel. This reception was the first to be given by the Commissioner since his appointment.

AN AGRICULTURAL SHOW IN THE WEST MIDLANDS: Prize-winning cattle parading in the main ring at the West Midland Agricultural Society's sixty-seventh annual show at Shrewsbury. Penatok Crusader, the Hereford bull on the right of the picture, was champion of its breed and first in its class. Despite rainy, treacherous weather and the fact that the approach to the pontoon bridge over the Severn, by which most visitors enter, was under water, attendance was good and there were many overseas visitors. A new event this year was a competition for a safety device for agricultural machinery. This event was introduced with the object of reducing accidents on farms.

PAKISTANI PIPERS IN LONDON: Four members of a pipe band representing different units of the Pakistan Police Force sound a fanfare after their arrival at London Airport last week. The band, which has eighty members, will take part in the Royal Tournament, to be held in June.

THE NEW SOUTHEND-ON-SEA LIFEBOAT ENTERS HER ELEMENT: The lifeboat is seen splashing into the water after being named and launched by the Duchess of Kent, who is the President of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Before the ceremony the Duchess met and talked with some of the men who will sail in the new lifeboat. On the day after the launching the lifeboat received its first call, and went to the assistance of the *Stormalong*.

A SCOTTISH OCCASION IN LONDON: A general view as the dancers swirl round the floor at the Caledonian Ball which was held at Grosvenor House last week. Among the guests this year was the Duchess of Gloucester, who was the first member of the Royal family to attend the ball since the war. One other feature of the ball was that all the women present wore their tartan sashes across the same shoulder. Previously those who were Scottish by birth wore their sash on the left and those who were Scottish by marriage on the right. Now all wear their tartans on the left shoulder.

MAYTIME IN ENGLAND—UNSEASONABLE WEATHER HITS MOST PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES: Two pictures taken during the recent spell of bad weather. *On left*—The scene at Blea Moor Nook, near Standedge, Yorkshire, where a heavy snowfall transformed the landscape swiftly from spring to winter. *On right*—A policeman and policewoman scrub hard-packed snow from the windscreen of their car before returning to Glossop. For several hours they had been out in the storm directing traffic. Soon after this the Glossop-Huddersfield road was closed to vehicles. There were snowstorms and heavy rain in many areas, and at one time the snow reached London.

THE VISCOUNT AIRLINER—THE FIRST BRITISH AIRCRAFT TO FLY ON ALL-AMERICAN ROUTES: The scene at Wisley Airfield, Surrey, where the first of sixty Vickers Viscount airscrew-turbine airliners ordered by Capital Airlines of the United States was handed over. At the bottom of the steps are Sir Ronald Weeks, the chairman of Vickers Ltd., and Mr Winthrop Aldrich, the United States Ambassador. Behind them stand Mr. J. H. Carmichael, President of Capital Airlines, and his wife. During the handing-over ceremony, Mr. G. R. Edwards, the managing director of Vickers Armstrong Aircraft Division, disclosed that 200 Viscounts had been sold to eighteen airlines and three Governments. These aircraft are valued at £56,000,000. Mr. Carmichael said that the sixty airliners ordered for Capital Airlines would be delivered by February 1957 and that the plane would first be used on the Washington-Chicago route this July or August.

A HONEYMOON VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IS HAMPERED BY BAD WEATHER: The yacht *Stormalong*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Moore and Mr. John Townsend plan to make a fifteen-month cruise round the world, is seen alongside the newly-launched Southend lifeboat. The 7-ton yacht had not long left London on her journey when she had engine trouble. Then the yacht was overtaken by bad weather. When a Dutch ship attempted to take the *Stormalong* in tow, the rope snapped and the yacht lost her rudder. The three voyagers were later rescued by the new Southend-on-Sea lifeboat.

WAR ON "ONE FOR THE ROAD"

Scandinavian Countries Take Action Against Motorists Who Drink; Economy Tests; Appointments in the Motoring World; Winking Lights; "Open" Days at the Road Research Laboratory

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IN the Scandinavian countries they have declared war in a big way on motorists who drink. Particularly in Norway, a motorist who has "one for the road" had better start walking if he wants to keep his licence.

I have just been reading about it in the *Daily Mail*, whose Oslo correspondent says the authorities in Norway consider you are unfit to drive if a test shows you have more than 0.05 per cent. alcohol in your blood.

They make blood tests in surprise road checks and after accidents. If the motorist concerned has this amount of alcohol in his blood-stream he gets, on conviction, a minimum penalty of three weeks' imprisonment and a licence suspension for a year.

For a second offence, apparently, the sentence is longer and the culprit's licence is suspended for life. No wonder motorists over there are careful how much they drink when out with the car.

A man of medium size seldom risks taking, during the evening, more than the equivalent of two small glasses of whisky, three halves of beer or 1½ gin cocktails.

Motorists in Norway complain that the code is too severe and say that the out-and-out teetotallers are responsible. Yet Norway claims to have the lowest road death toll in Europe.

Compulsory blood tests have been advocated from time to time in Britain for motorists involved in accidents or suspected of being "under the influence." Norway's system would probably be adopted here in modified form some day if the accident rate involving drunken motorists showed a steep rise. Meanwhile, it behoves every motorist to practise strict temperance when out with the car—and not merely to avoid running foul of the law.

Under R.A.C. observation a 1½-litre Austin A 50 Cambridge was recently driven from Land's End to John O'Groats and back—a total distance of 1,775 miles—at an average speed (excluding stops) of 39.09 m.p.h. and a fuel consumption of 34.04 m.p.g. National Benzole Mixture was used.

The car was picked at random from the Austin Assembly line and run-in for 1,494 miles under observation before the test began.

The Austin Motor Company also reports that an A 30 and an A 50 gained first and third places respectively in general classification in a Mobilgas economy run of 1,560 miles staged in South Africa.

The A 30 averaged 51.7 m.p.g. and the A 50 35.8. Mobilgas experts later issued the following fuel-saving hints based on experience gained during their economy run:

(1) Drive at a steady pace.
(2) No fast and uneven starts and stops; eliminate all "jerky" driving.
(3) Watch traffic lights and try to pass them on the green without having to stop and wait for the red.
(4) Avoid long engine idling.
(5) Regular and complete service every 1,000 miles.
(6) Do not use heavier lubricants than those specified in the maker's manual.

Britain's first Mobilgas economy run will be held on June 18 and 19 next. It is being organised by the Hants and Berks Motor Club and the 550-mile route starts and ends at Reading. There will be speed and acceleration tests at Silverstone.

Congratulations to Dr. Frederick Llewellyn Smith on his election as President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. At the age of forty-five "Doc" Smith is the youngest chief the Society has ever had.

He has been managing director of the motor-car division of Rolls-Royce Ltd., since December. This year he completes an association with Rolls-Royce cars which has already lasted twenty-one years.

His connection with the firm goes back even farther, for Dr. Smith became a technical assistant in the Rolls-Royce aero engine experimental department in 1933. Dr. Smith, who was born at Wood Green, Middlesex, takes over the S.M.M.T. presidency from Mr. A. B. Waring, chairman and joint managing director of Joseph Lucas.

There has been a tremendous re-shuffle in the £90,000,000 British Motor Corporation, formed by a merger of Austin and Nuffield in 1951. Big changes have been made in the management structure "to achieve closer co-ordination" between the B.M.C.'s many different manufacturing units.

These changes have produced a long list of consequential appointments and promotions. Mr. Arthur Keats, chief of Fisher and Ludlow, the B.M.C.-owned body-building firm, has been appointed to the B.M.C. board.

So the Birmingham Police Force doesn't like winking turn indicators on cars, either. This type of signal is being removed from all the city's police patrol cars. The old-fashioned semaphore arm style of trafficator is being fitted instead.

"Our drivers think the flashing light system is too confusing," said a senior police officer at Birmingham. "The close grouping of indicator lights, braking lights, stop lights and reflectors is baffling to other drivers."

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents shares the Birmingham police view. In fact it goes so far as to say that "winkers" are dangerous. Many motorists think the same.

The Minister of Transport has said he will review the question of the use of winking lights when he has received a report on the subject from the Road Research Laboratory.

The Laboratory, by the way, held two "open" days recently to give members of the public a chance to see something of their work. Their visitors were mainly representatives of local authorities and other bodies with a special interest in roads.

The Laboratory comes under the jurisdiction of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. It has two main establishments: at Langley Hall, Langley, Bucks, headquarters of the Traffic and Safety Division; and at Harmondsworth, Middx. (Materials and Construction Division.)

At Harmondsworth visitors were especially interested in demonstrations by a single-pass soil-stabilising machine, first of its kind in the world.

Designed and built by an Essex firm, the apparatus consists of a diesel-engined "crawler" tractor pulling a spreader, a mixer with spray bath and a dropping weight compacter.

It carries out at one "pass" a number of different operations. It spreads the cement, mixes it with the soil, adds water and then bangs the surface of the ground into a hard, compact mass.

As the machine moves slowly over roughly prepared soil it leaves behind it a hard road surface capable of standing up to a lot of punishment. The device is cheap to operate and is particularly valuable in places where stone is costly.

I make no apology for referring to this business of road construction. After all, it is an important subject where motorists are concerned.

Under Dr. W. H. Glanville, Director of Road Research, and Dr. R. J. Smeed, Deputy Director at Langley, the Traffic and Safety Division is making a big contribution towards road safety.

Talking about road safety . . . Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, Minister of Transport, said in London the other day that it would be impossible to ease London traffic congestion without inflicting inconvenience or hardship on some people for at least part of the time.

That, surely, was what someone once described as a blinding flash of the obvious. The Minister also had something to say—he was addressing the St. Marylebone Chamber of Commerce—about parking meters.

Mr. Boyd-Carpenter thinks the limited use of meters "could contribute quite a lot" towards the solution of the traffic problem. "They discourage the person who parks on the street all day," he said.

Since I wrote my last motoring notes we have had two important motor sport fixtures: the *Daily Express* car race meeting at Silverstone and the Tulip Rally in Holland. Both were very successful.

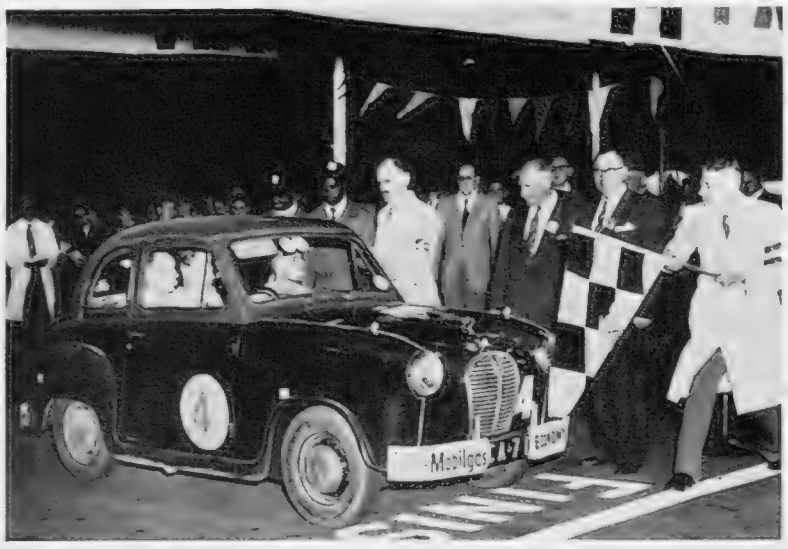
The big race at Silverstone—for Formula I cars—was won by Peter Collins in a privately-entered Maserati, belonging to Mr. Alfred Owen, the wealthy engineer who took over the B.R.M. organisation. Although none of them finished, two of the new Vanwalls and two new aerodynamic Connaughts showed promise. Unfortunately a Vanwall, driven by Ken Wharton, caught fire and was severely damaged.

There were eight British crews and ten British cars in the first twenty finishers in the tough Tulip Rally, which is a European championship event. It was won by a Dutch team in a German Mercedes, but second place went to Bill Banks (Bristol 401 saloon), who has finished among the first six places in three successive Tulip Rallies.

It was a new experience for me to see a caravan rally. To tow a huge caravan all through the night for 200 miles is not my idea of fun but it was obvious that the 103 competitors in the British Caravan Club's road rally enjoyed every minute of it.

They started from five different places: Bristol, Luton, Peterborough, Carlisle or Nottingham. The night section was followed by some stiff manœuvring tests on the motor racing track at Aintree. Then off they went for a hill-climb during which they had to stop and restart on the steepest bit.

At Southport there was a *concours d'elegance*. Outright winner of the rally was Mr. Ian Mantle, caravan dealer, of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. He drove a new Wolseley 6/90 and towed a Berkeley Cavalier.



THE OVER-ALL WINNER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MOBILGAS ECONOMY RUN: An Austin A 30 "Seven" crosses the finishing line in Johannesburg at the end of its three-day 1,560-mile run. It averaged 51.7 m.p.g. In the front of the car are Mr. W. L. Seymour and Mr. R. Turner of Cape Town. Behind the flag are (left) Mr. C. E. Solomon, managing director of the Vacuum Oil Company of South Africa Ltd., and Mr. E. T. Mills, another director of the Company.

A MIDNIGHT ACCIDENT DURING THE 24-HOURS PARIS ROAD RACE: After skidding and turning four somersaults this car landed on its wheels in a ditch. The driver sustained a broken collar bone. There was a field of eighty cars in the race, run at Montlhéry, and they competed in three classes—750, 1,500 and 2,000 cc.'s. The fastest car in the race, and the first to cross the winning line, was the German-built Porsche, driven by two Frenchmen, Olivier and Meuillet. They also won the 1,500-cc. class. The winners of the other two classes were (750 cc.) Madame Simon and M. de Montremy in a French Panhard car, and (2,000 cc.) Parsy and Guyot, French drivers in a Maserati.

CAPTAIN PETER CHURCHILL RETURNS TO FRANCE: He is seen at the start of his journey during which he is travelling with a Berkeley Cavalier caravan towed by a Ford Zephyr. His intention is to revisit, ten years after the war, the country where he fought with the Resistance. Captain Churchill is touring the byways and visiting towns off the beaten track. His experiences will be recorded in a book due to be published early next year by Hodder and Stoughton.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

ROGATION DAYS IN ENGLAND

Ceremonies in Lancashire and Surrey; the Plea for the Oxford Canal; and the End of the Shot Tower

Below—
BLESSING THE FIELDS AT A SURREY SCHOOL: The Rogation Sunday ceremony at Woolpit Preparatory School, Ewhurst, when the fields were blessed by the school Chaplain, the Rev. Bernard T. Croft. Watched by his young servers and several other boys, he is censing the fields by the school, the buildings of which stand on a spur of the North Downs, overlooking the Sussex Weald. The ceremony at the school, where some of the boys are farmers' sons, is now an annual event. The Rogation days in the Church are the Sunday and three weekdays preceding Ascension Day. Outdoor services asking God's blessing on the fruits of the earth and the harvest of the sea are held in many parts of the country, one of the most notable ceremonies taking place at Brixham, Devon, during the annual blessing of the fishing fleet.

"FROM WHOM ALL GOOD THINGS DO COME": The words of the Collect for Rogation Sunday are recalled in this farmyard scene at Rylance Mill Farm, Highfield, near Wigan, Lancashire, during an open-air service for the farmers. It is being conducted by the Vicar of Highfield, the Rev. W. H. Bullough, who is accompanied by the choir from his church and members of the congregation. Even some of the cattle have joined in the proceedings. At the Rylance Mill Farm the Vicar was greeted by eighty-three-year-old Mr. George Fouracre, the oldest working farmer in the district. The parish priest and members of his congregation also visited other farms in the parish of Highfield.

THE SHOT TOWER ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES IS TO GO: It is to make room for an underground car park beneath the open space on the downstream section of the South Bank site. The change has been made necessary by the London County Council's permanent Development Scheme for the area between County Hall and Waterloo Bridge. This view shows the Shot Tower in the distance, with flower-beds (for which the South Bank is now well known) in the foreground and part of the Royal Festival Hall on the left. Parliament's sanction must be given before the car park can be built. Originally the Tower was built for making shot from lead, the molten lead dropping from the melting chamber at the top and forming perfect spheres as it cooled in its fall down the 120 feet within the tower.

On right—
A PLEA TO SAVE THE OXFORD CANAL: This picture was taken at Dukes Lock, where the canal from Oxford joins the main canal to Banbury. The southern section of the Oxford Canal is destined to be abandoned if the report of the Board of Survey on Canals and Inland Waterways is approved. Recently a new plea, with which the Inland Waterways Association is in agreement, was put forward that the canal should be preserved as it provides amenities for those who enjoy the natural beauty of Britain and for those whose recreations are centred on the waterways of the country.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

GAIETY, COMEDY and GOOD LIVING

A New Volume by Emily Kimbrough; Mack Sennett and Hollywood; an Admirable Guide to Paris; "Emergency!" and Other New Publications for Whitsuntide Reading

THIS week the books start off —and why not?—with three volumes severally devoted to gaiety and frivolity, comedy and farce, and the minor but not negligible arts of good eating and good living. First, then, Miss Emily Kimbrough, who some years ago, with Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner, wrote *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, in a travel diary of a trip she made to Europe with three compatriots in Coronation Year. Since the giddy events of her earlier book Miss Kimbrough has married, matured, raised a family and become a grandmother. She has also become one of the radio correspondents for a famous New York broadcasting company. In the year in question she did a series of broadcasts from London. It should, however, be firmly understood that none of these responsibilities appears to have altered her heaven-sent sense of fun, or the crispness and simplicity of her style.

FORTY PLUS AND FANCY FREE (Constable. 12s. 6d.) is heartening reading for contemporaries, whether it is dealing with the vicissitudes of the tourist in Italy, the packer and planner in the United States, or the receptive and charming guest in our own country. My only complaint would be that it has not appeared before.

KING OF COMEDY (Peter Davies. 15s.) is, in Hollywood terms, Mr. Mack Sennett and, no matter whether you remember his short, hilarious films as well as I do, or were born a generation too late to have seen them at their lusty and absurd best, this is a book that is as entertaining as its subject. Mack Sennett belongs to Hollywood now, and he was one of its outstanding figures *then*, in the amazing days when stars spent more on their jewellery than producers spent on a whole film, Mabel Normand strolled around with a lion on a leash, Gloria Swanson was a very pretty bathing belle who never got wet, and Charlie Chaplin was the funniest man in the world. Mr. Cameron Shipp has written the story of Sennett and Hollywood as Mack Sennett told it to him, and when one recalls that John Barrymore once said that Mr. Shipp had ". . . the heart of a Borgia and the curiosity of a postmistress," it will be seen that this is far from a conventional, and never a tedious book of memoirs.

Mr. Art Buchwald's PARIS (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) is exactly that: a report on present-day Paris by a brisk, bright and occasionally witty American correspondent. You may not find anything about the composition of the current Chamber of Deputies, for instance, but you will be able to read about a real live caviare tester, about how to lose money in Paris or appreciate Parisian taxi-driving, about Abe Burrows and his French heroine Ann Croyable, about the Ritz and about Miss Elsa Maxwell. Twenty-eight pages are devoted to the great Paris restaurants, 125 of them, with comments and average prices, and having made sure that Mr. Buchwald had included my own three favourites among them, I had no hesitation in finding that this was an admirable guide.

Mr. Marshall MacDuffie is a very different kind of American Abroad. He is a lawyer who represented U.N.R.R.A. in the Soviet Union in 1946, was in frequent contact with M. Khrushchev, at that time Governor of the Ukraine, and a year or so ago made a 10,000-mile voyage through Russia on a visa from Khrushchev, by then Secretary of the Communist Party. THE RED CARPET (Cassell. 18s.) could scarcely be a more apt title, and it introduces a book of real significance because Mr. MacDuffie made the trip as an interested observer not of Kremlin politics but of the daily lot of ordinary Russian people. He writes of their clothes, their shops, their salaries and the housewives' weekly budget. He is reasonably objective, and writes of the contrasts he found: "efficiency mixed with inefficiency; the old entangled with the new; brilliance and mediocrity; logic and illogic, side by side." He does not, however, persuade the reader that, with or without that rosy rug, that is a comfortable country for the traveller.

EMERGENCY! (Museum Press. 10s. 6d.) is an emotionally written book of memoirs by an Irish doctor who was attached for a time to a New York hospital and worked, as head of the emergency squad, in a district known as Hell's Kitchen. There in his long hours of duty he was constantly called out to cases of suicide, murder, drunkenness, beating-up or drug-taking, and this is his record of some of the more startling and brutal incidents in this period.

ELSA MAXWELL MEETS GILBERT HARDING: The occasion was the Foyle's Literary luncheon in London to mark the publication a few weeks ago of Miss Maxwell's autobiography, *I Married the World* (Heinemann. 18s.).

Catherine Macdonald Maclean has written a biography of William Hale White, the English writer of the late nineteenth century, whose few novels and whose work as an essayist and critic won great admiration from authors as contrasted in themselves as André Gide, D. H. Lawrence and Arnold Bennett. He was a man whose quiet and often unhappy life had helped to build up a fund of faith which, through his writing, he was able to express in a way that was often inspiring. He was born in 1831, studied as a young man for Holy Orders but could not reconcile the training for the ministry with his own inclination towards modern scholarship. After working for a while in a publisher's office, he went to the Admiralty in 1858 and remained there for the rest of his working life. MARK RUTHERFORD (Macdonald. 25s.) was the name under which he wrote, and under which he gained the distinction that remains his, even when his work is so little discussed. This is a thoughtful and, above all, an appreciative study of the man and the writer.

WHO WAS SHAKESPEARE? (Heinemann. 21s.) is another volume, intelligent, provocative and well, if not always convincingly, reasoned, to add to the growing list of those debates on the identity of the greatest poet and playwright of them all. Miss H. Amphlett plumps (if she will forgive so unscholarly an expression) for Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, and makes out an absolutely fascinating case to support her contention. One is reminded of the late Josephine Tey's superb reconstruction of the murder of the Princes in the Tower, and that is high praise indeed.

Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke, in THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), has written of his own fairly recent experiences, his arrest in his house in Sussex, his trial and his sentence to nine months' imprisonment. The main part of the book and, to most readers, by far the most interesting, deals with life in Wormwood Scrubs and Brixton prisons. Since Mr. Croft-Cooke is an acute and very gifted writer, these chapters make absorbing reading.

A GAME OF SNAKES AND LADDERS (Cassell. 15s.) is an ingenious *tour-de-force* by Miss Doris Langley Moore, who has been prompted by her admiration for the novels of Fanny Burney's school to write a long and richly textured novel, in which the heroine goes through year after year of assorted trials and tribulations only to emerge in the last pages as a triumphant beauty and also (since if the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well), a duchess married to the duke she loves. Miss Moore has a good deal of quiet fun, one suspects, with the over-prevalent snakes, and for the greater part of her book only apportions the ladders to the venal, the fourth-rate and the downright villainous. The scene is chiefly Cairo and Alexandria immediately after the First World War, and the characterisations, in spite of the deliberately formal framework, are excellently done.

I don't suppose that Miss Barbara Goolden ever wrote about characters that were not believable and almost familiar in their niceness, or nastiness or, as is more human, a complex blend of both. Her new novel, THE WORLD HIS OYSTER (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is about a doting mother and a spoilt son, a situation that does occur over and over again but which, with this writer, takes on a freshness, a poignancy and a pervasive touch of humour altogether pleasing.

THE PHŒNIX (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a novel with an unusual theme. In Berlin at the end of the war six men, different in background and in nature, meet when they are employed on a bomb disposal squad. They work together at their most hazardous job and eventually make a strange pact by which the last of them to survive shall inherit the savings of the other five, and so have the certainty of a life of comparative ease. The way in which the agreement works out is also an opportunity for each of the men to be revealed as something other than the first impression he had given. Mr. Lawrence Bachmann handles this development with skill and compassion.

This week's thriller is by a woman, and is excellent. Miss Helen Nielsen has written two detective stories before and they were highly to be commended but THE WOMAN ON THE ROOF (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is her best yet and puts her in a very small and exclusive set of mystery writers. The scene is California, the time the present, and the action swift and surprising. Altogether, one for your list.

CHURCHILL; HIS LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHS (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.), *has been edited by Randolph Churchill and Helmut Gernsheim. There are nearly 400 photographs, including many which have never been published before.*

THE PLEASURES OF MEXICO (Guilford Press. 42s.) *is by Maurice Sandoz, who has explored the country by car, on horseback and by aeroplane. The coloured illustrations are by Rolf Dürig.*

In **FISHERMAN'S COUNTRY: Days in New Zealand** (Bles. 18s.), *G. B. Hobbs describes fishing conditions in his own country and compares trout behaviours and fishing techniques in Britain with those in New Zealand.*

EAST, WEST (Christopher Johnson. 15s.) *is the title of an Irish doctor's memories by Charles Stewart Parnell Hamilton. His service in two World Wars is included in the autobiography.*

AN ALL-TIME LOW

Two Explorers who Have Plumbed the Ocean Depths

To-day, as ever, man is setting out to conquer new worlds. Among the new instruments he has brought to his aid is the bathyscaphe. In this, man is able to explore the vast continents under the ocean which constitute about two-thirds of the surface of the globe and hitherto have remained, for the most part, unexplored. In the past several men have gone down to considerable depths in the ocean in spheres suspended by long wires. However, Commander Houot and Lieutenant Willm, of the French Navy, have achieved an all-time low. They have not only gone far deeper than anyone has ever ventured before, but they have submerged themselves in a sphere which was not controlled from the surface.

In 2,000 FATHOMS DOWN (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.) these men of adventure tell the story of their independent deep-water submarine which is capable of withstanding the ferocious pressure of 2½ tons per sq. in. and of wandering at will on the sea-bed 2½ miles down. There they observed and photographed the strange creatures of the deep, and already they have added considerably to our knowledge. On one trip descents were made in the deep-sea region off Dakar. Initial researches have shown that there is intense life all the way to the sea-bed, on the sea-bed itself and within the soil also. What the animals of the sea-bed are, how they live, and what they feed on remains to be discovered. There is a whole realm of research awaiting the scientist in regard to the structure of the subsoil around the continents. As the authors say, the starting-point has been won. The real researches are about to begin.

Men and women throughout the English-speaking world remember the profound shock and the sense of personal loss with which they heard the news of the death of Franklin Roosevelt, that great President of the United States. To the slower-moving world of 1865 the shock was no less profound when Abraham Lincoln, the man who had saved the Union by his steadfastness, was shot dead at Fords Theatre, Washington. Jim Bishop, a meticulous historian, has long been of the opinion that that day of climax in American history has never been clearly defined. The facts have been hopelessly tangled, in part by contemporary newspaper accounts. He has sought to present the true narrative.

What is so remarkable about this book, THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.), is that amid all this close-packed detail, this close focussing upon events, producing a biography that is akin to a photograph blown up to many times the usual size, we have an image of Lincoln that is as bold and true in its proportions as is the image that we have come to know in the perspective of history. This book helps us perhaps to measure better than in the past the greatness of Lincoln, and the littleness of many of those around him. This is a sensitive and deeply-moving piece of work; there is excitement in the mounting drama, pathos in the closing hours, and yet the whole text is the product of tens of thousands of words of meticulous note-taking allied to an elaborate cross-checking of facts and suppositions gleaned from a multitude of sources. Mr. Bishop has achieved a great feat in biographical presentation.

These are vintage years in British athletics, years of high promise and vast achievement with a great crop of new runners like Roger Bannister, Chris Chataway, and Gordon Pirie. Already others are up and coming in a sport which young Britain has firmly adopted. In the latest edition of ATHLETICS (J. M. Dent. 15s.) members of the famed Achilles Club cover the whole field of athletics. Dr. Bannister writes on the mile, Chris Chataway on long-distance running, and there is an important chapter by H. M. Abrahams on the rules for competition and time-keeping. The volume is edited by H. A. Meyer (Hugh Merrick), whose work on mountaineering topics is well known to SPHERE readers. There are 130 photographs in this edition.

Northumberland is still a sparsely populated county, not particularly widely known, and certainly with a tang very much its own. Henry Tegner, who has written a number of books on natural history and allied subjects, is not a Northumbrian by birth, but in A BORDER COUNTY (Robert Hale. 16s.) he presents a most charming picture, emphasising particularly the wild life and the field sports of this county through which the tourist too often hurries.

The wilds of Africa and the wilds of Canada form the subject of two excellent new books. E. A. Temple-Perkins, in KINGDOM OF THE ELEPHANT (Andrew Melrose. 18s.), describes some of his experiences in East Africa, where he has hunted big game for thirty-seven years. His killing of big game, has been controlled killing directed against the raiders of crops and marauders of the countryside. There is no need to be prudish about big-game hunting, he avers, "if the killing is done cleanly and skilfully."

In SMOKE OVER SIKANASKA (Werner Laurie. 15s.) John Stafford Gowland tells of his work as a forest ranger in the Canadian Rockies, where one of man's great tasks is to combat the ever-present danger of the forest fire. Amid the mountains, lakes and forests of Canada Mr. Gowland has had his work and his pleasure, and a great deal of excitement.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2.

TO be interested in a garden of your own is to enjoy other people's. How consoling to know that they suffer from the same " pests " as you do! How gratifying to find that your tomato plants are so much in advance of theirs. We learn and profit from other people's gardens, and there are many hotels whose gardens provide immeasurable pleasure to their visitors, and at no additional cost. It was about a year ago that I wrote on this subject, and what more apt season of the year could one choose to come back to it.

The thought came to me as my wife and I breakfasted at the Burford Bridge Hotel, at the foot of Box Hill, near Dorking, for the charm of the garden which we viewed from our table made that early meal particularly good, and we conjectured on how much money it must cost Trust Houses to keep in good repair the gardens of this, and their many other hotels and inns throughout the land.

A well-groomed approach is often the prelude to an efficiently-run hotel, so many are the times when we have driven up to the front porch of a country house hotel, given one look at the weeds and neglect, and turned tail! On the other side of the picture we recall two places we visited last year where the entrance drive and grass verges were so spruce that we knew we had struck certain winners.

The first was the guest-house home of the Hon. and Mrs. Colin Buckley, a shingled Sussex homestead tucked away in the dream village of Dallington, half a mile off the B.2096 Heathfield–Battle road. Here, indeed, is a lovable place for the garden-lover to sun in, to potter, and to learn.

The second was that lovely Devonshire fishing home of the Duke of Bedford—" Endsleigh," near Tavistock. Now run as a guest house, some go there for the salmon, some for the brown and sea-trout fishing on the Tamar, which runs through the estate, but more go there for the lovely grounds with their never-to-be-forgotten panoramic views of river, woodland, lawns and flowers.

From a ducal seat my mind turns to what was once the home of the Duchess of Atholl—Dunkeld House Hotel—the main gates of which are on the Perth–Pitlochry road. Forgetting for the moment the many beauties of the Highlands around, the garden- and country-lover could be well content in the forty-acre policies which embrace the fast-flowing Tay, with the velvet lawns, stately trees and flowering shrubs.

While on the subject of ancestral homes, and before we leave Scotland, note well Johnstounburn at Humbie, East Lothian. The entrance gates to this lovely house are to be found on the road off the A.68 London–Edinburgh, which leads to Haddington. This seventeenth-century house is a fine specimen of a private residence where one can share in the daily way of life of its owners, Colonel and Mrs. Crookshank. Not least among its attributes are its beautiful and astonishingly well-groomed grounds. Here the garden-lover will surely find excuse to linger, for surrounding the house is a wealth of attraction, embracing flower gardens, vegetables, glass, and a mile of burn fishing as well as a tiny loch. All this within seventeen miles of Edinburgh. For the car owner that suggests a thought for those who have difficulty in getting accommodation in Edinburgh itself.

Now to revert to more humble surroundings so often exemplified by our English inns. On your way from Scotland one day stop for a night or a meal at The Blue Bell at Belford, 14½ miles north of Alnwick, on the Great North Road. Not only is it one of the well-run Swallow group of Northumbrian inns, but Mrs. Brunskill, who has managed it for a number of years, has a most charming flower garden, and if you are lucky enough to catch her at a moment when she can spare a few minutes from her multifarious duties, get her to take you round, for it is so often a blaze of colour.

Alas, the hotelier has little time to spend in his or her garden, but one man I am pretty sure to " run to earth " in his garden on a quiet afternoon is Mr. J. McNeill Porteous, a kilted Scot, whom you will not find on his native heath, but at his hotel, Bunnyconnellan, at Myrtleville, which stands on the Cork coastline and overlooks the entrance to Cork Harbour. A very pleasant spot is this, where sea bathing or just lazing in the garden are both so inviting.

During the summer there will be many Londoners who will crave for the coolness of a garden, and though some who dwell in London itself will have to be content with the parks, there are several places on the outskirts which can be reached between half-an-hour and an hour.

Some Australians at present visiting this country went, on my recommendation, to Morshead Hotel, at the summit of Richmond Hill. So pleased are they with its garden, the view of the Thames and the country air in Richmond Park, that they are prolonging their visit there.

Just on an hour from Waterloo, or by road, one can stay at Bramley Grange Hotel, Bramley, near Guildford, which, besides being an excellently-run country house hotel, has grounds which provide both rest and recreation. The Bramley Golf Club adjoins, and hotel residents can play over its 18-hole course free of charge.

On the north side of London, country house hotels offering gardens are very limited. The nearest to the West End is Hendon Hall, once the home of David Garrick. The original house has, of course, been enlarged, for the hotel now has sixty-four bedrooms, but so popular is it that early reservations are very advisable. Seated under a shady tree in its lovely grounds, it is hard to believe that in distance one is only seven miles from Piccadilly Circus.

Though somewhat further out, good hotels on the north side—each with attractive gardens, and well-served by a good train service—are The Cromwell at Stevenage, and Letchworth Hall Hotel, Letchworth, with its 18-hole golf course adjoining . . . as well as tennis and squash for the energetic!

ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK. THE UPLANDS
Here, where the poet Crabbe once lived, is a home of gracious living. Not labelled Hotel or Guest House, it attracts those appreciative of good cooking, faithful service, books, flowers and sunny spaciousness. Tel.: 156.

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NR. BIDEFORD, HORNS CROSS. HOOPS INN
Motorists touring Devon this year are recommended to choose Early Summer or Autumn and to make that far-famed thatched inn, HOOPS, at Horns Cross, one of their main objectives. Situated in probably the mildest, sunniest and most unspoilt corner of Devon.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA. THE BERESFORD
A fine hotel on the bracing Kentish coast of THANET with its own sea promenade, squash and tennis courts, ballroom, cocktail bar and everything laid on for the fastidious in room service, cuisine and cellar. R.A.C. and A.A.**** For reservations Tel. THANET 41345.

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offers those visiting Ireland the utmost in bedroom comfort; 150 rooms with radio, central heating, iced water, and 24-hour service. Many private bathrooms and suites. The Gresham Grill, Cocktail Lounge and Ballroom are the social hub of Ireland's capital. For Reservations write S. O'Sullivan. Tel.: 46881.

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offers you that unsophisticated holiday you may have long been seeking with Continental Cuisine and Service, and every form of holiday delight. Write now for our coloured Brochure which gives many interesting details. Quote ref.: A.C.

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LEOMINSTER. THE TALBOT HOTEL
Planning a Motor Tour? Don't miss lovely Herefordshire with this comfortable hotel as a focal point. Local itinerary suggested with pleasure by the Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Street. Tel.: Leominster 2012.

LETCHWORTH, LETCHWORTH HALL HOTEL
in unspoilt Hertfordshire, 34 miles London, offers visitors (home and overseas) a friendly country house holiday base with 18-hole golf course, squash and tennis courts adjoining. Licensed. Tel.: 747.

LINDFIELD, Sussex. COUNTY HOTEL
1 mile from Haywards Heath main line station, stands this lovely mansion, immune from sound of passing traffic. Its purport is mainly residential, with hotel catering and comfort happily blending with country house pursuits. Write A. G. Sturdy, Resident Director. Tel.: 2358.

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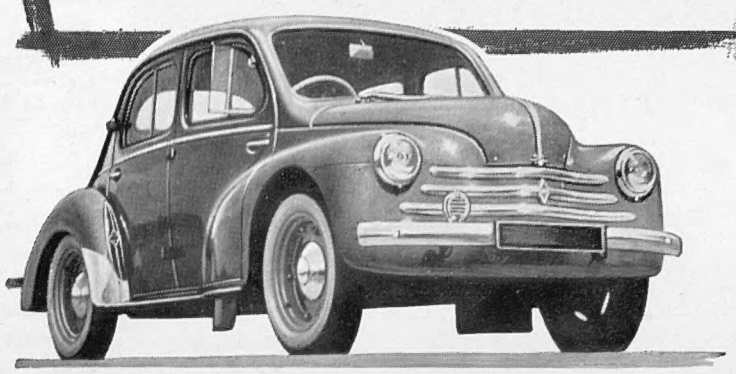

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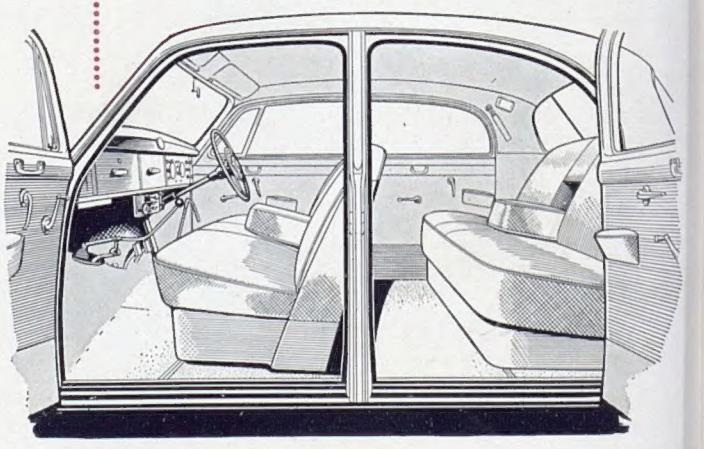

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